The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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IN MEMORIAM.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Just as the summer's glory had departed,
While yet her lingering beauties round us lay,
A friend belov'd, and kind, and genial-hearted,
Left us and went away:

Upon a journey that has no returning,
Unto a land whose shores seem far and dim;
And thitherward with tender, passionate yearning
Our sad hearts follow him.

Though unrevealed to our weak mortal vision,
Faith looks along the shining path he trod;
Unto the fadeless hills—the fields elysian,
The paradise of God!

The many-mansioned city of the Father,
Whose dazzling splendor is not seen or told;
Where sinless saints and white-robed angels gather,
Chanting to harps of gold.

And we who loved—who sadly miss and mourn him,
Whose pale lips tremble as we call him dead,
By the great tenderness our souls have borne him,
Are likewise comforted.

Knowing how joys ecstatic and supernal
Await the pilgrim to those regions blest,
And that our dear one, crowned with life eternal,
Hath entered into rest.

*John Parrott died at Highland, New York, September 17, 1869.

A MOHAMMEDAN TOWER NEAR SANGORA, INDIA.

Some of the structures built by the Mohammedans in India, show proofs of the architectural skill which planned the beautiful palaces and mosques of the Saracens. The Tower at Sangora, of which the above is a view, is a case in point.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &C.

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XIV.

I SPEAK MY MIND TO RUTH.

"Poor child!"

I opened my eyes upon the face of Ruth, who was bending over me.

"We must get her home, immediately," said Cecil, raising me in his arms. "If you will lead the way, Ruth, I will take the path by which you joined us, and so avoid crossing the brook."

Ruth led the way in silence, and soon we regained the entrance of the wood, to my intense thankfulness, for my unsupported ankle had caused me spasms of pain. Cecil then asked Ruth to sit down on the ground and hold my foot in her lap, while he went for the wagon. I felt too helpless to resist, but the proposal was very disagreeable to me, and I resolutely closed my eyes when placed in that position.

"Do you feel faint?" Ruth asked, as Cecil disappeared.

"No."

"It is so strange that we both should sprain our ankles in the same day. But I am afraid that yours is much worse than mine."

I knew why her voice was so sweet, her manner so caressing.

"*Mine* is *real*."

"What do you mean?" The voice was not as sweet, now.

"I mean that you did not care to have me come with the water. You wanted a chance to speak with Cecil."

I felt her knees move under my foot, as if she were about to throw me off.

"You are a listener!" said she, in an accent of biting scorn.

"I could not help myself— And—I thought I would wait until you had got him to kiss you."

"You are out of your head, child!"

"*You* know what *you* are about."

"The pain has made you delirious. Poor little thing! I think your ankle should be placed in an easier position."

"Don't touch it!" I screamed, as she extended her hand, an expression of malicious determination on her lips, and her eyes glaring yellow. "Please don't! It almost kills me to have any one even look at it."

"Poor child! But I cannot allow you to suffer." And the slender, cruel hand touched my ankle.

"You are doing it because I said that! You *wish* to hurt me!"

My foot was raised with a jerk. I shrieked, and again fainted.

When I regained my senses, Cecil was pouring wine down my throat, and Ruth standing by, crying. I looked at her, in amazement.

"Oh! Percy, how could you accuse me of *wishing* to hurt you?"

"You are crying because you are angry with me. I saw you kiss her, Cecil."

I turned my eyes towards Cecil, who started and grew red.

"She is my cousin, Percy."

"'Twasn't *your* fault. She *made* you kiss her; and she jerked my foot because I said so."

"Dear Percy, how *can* you say that! Cecil, she does not know what she is saying!" exclaimed Ruth, weeping most gracefully.

"I know what I see, and what I say."

Ruth clasped her hands, looking imploringly at Cecil, then hid her face, as if in an agony of shame.

Cecil began to arrange the wagon for my accommodation. Ruth uncovered her face, and went towards him, drooping in every line of her graceful figure.

"Oh! Cecil, what shall I do? What will grandmamma say?"

"About what?" he asked, coolly.

"About—about what *she* says."

"Of course you did not jerk her foot. That's nonsense."

"I know it is. But, the other!"

"She will say that I repented of my rudeness in refusing you a cousinly kiss at our first meeting. And I think she will say, also, that Percy is a little bit inclined to be jealous."

Jealous! My face burned like fire.

Ruth clapped her hands.

"That is it! She was jealous once before—about Rupert. Oh! you small goose!"

"I hate you! You are a liar and a hypocrite! Mrs. Rupell thinks so."

"Yes; because Rupert thinks—otherwise. It is very hard!"

Again Ruth began to cry.

Cecil bit his lips.

"Ruth, will you sit in the wagon, and hold her foot?"

"Certainly," said Ruth, all sweetness and alacrity, and smiling through her tears.

"She shan't hold my foot."

"Please let me, Percy. It will not hurt you half as much."

I began to cry, in a species of hysterical passion.

"Never mind, Ruth," said Cecil. "I can steady her foot with the robes."

"I will sit with the driver, and you can attend to her," said Ruth, tying on her hat.

Cecil having arranged me to his satisfaction, helped Ruth into the wagon, and then placed himself by my side.

"I think you will be more comfortable this way," he said, putting his arm around my waist, and making me lean against his shoulder. He was very kind all the way home—and told me a fairy story that lasted until we reached Thornhaugh. Then he said to me,

"Now, Percy, you must not say anything to Mrs. Rupell about what you saw this afternoon, for she will laugh at you for being jealous."

I said that I would not; and Cecil called me "a darling," and kissed me. I thought him almost as nice as Rupert.

Of course my arrival threw the whole house into confusion. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who pronounced my ankle to be badly sprained, ordered constant applications of ice-water, and left a whole regiment of powders to be given me through the night. Ruth wished to stay, and sit up with me that night, but Mrs. Rupell would not allow this.

"I shall trust no one but myself," she said, "and as it is getting late, you had better go home immediately."

"It is only three o'clock."

"You dine at five, and will wish to dress yourself for dinner."

Ruth went out, then, looking back at me as she shut the door. I knew the meaning of that glance. She was wondering if I would tell her grandmother.

I thought that Mrs. Rupell would question me as to the cause of my accident; she did not, but, having given me a powder, seated herself in a great lounging-chair, at the foot of the couch on which I was, and took up a book. I watched her as she sat, for she was still a very handsome woman, and the sight of her was pleasant to my childish eyes.

After awhile the ticking of the clock began to annoy me strangely, so loud and resonant had it become, and Mrs. Rupell's chair seemed to glide across the floor, and rise, with her still in it. I uttered an exclamation, and she got up, and came to me, walking above the level of the floor, so that she seemed to step down upon the couch.

"What is it? Why are you in the air?" I asked.

"It is the effect of the powder I gave you. You are very nervous, and it has excited instead of soothing you. Inhale a little of this."

She poured something from a small vial upon her handkerchief, and held it to my face. The odor was disagreeable to me, and I turned away my head, impatiently.

"Why are they whispering out there?" I said. "Have they secrets to tell?"

"No one is whispering, my darling."

"Yes I can hear them, like the rain pattering on the leaves. They ought not to do it. They don't want you to hear."

"Who are they, my pet?"

"Cecil and Ruth."

Mrs. Rupell went to the door, and opened it.

"I thought you had gone," I heard her say.

"I am going," Ruth's voice replied. "I was just telling Cecil that I could not stay to dinner, as you had sent me home."

"I did advise your return, for Percy is so nervous that she hears every sound. Until she is better, the presence of those who do not belong to the household is undesirable."

"So I was telling Cecil, and advising him and Ferd to take up their abode with us until Percy is better."

"Are you going, Cecil?" asked his grandmother.

"I—had—not—made—up—my—mind," said Cecil, slowly.

"Young men are generally remarkable for selfishness, and 'the house of feasting is better than the house of mourning' to them, I know, but I am quite sure that *Ferd* will stay with me."

"And I am quite sure that *I* shall if I am not in your way," said Cecil.

"This house is so very *small*, that you must, of course, be in my way if you are in it."

"Thank you for your invitation, Ruth—but you see that grandmother wishes me to stay."

"Not against your inclination, Cecil, for I shall not be left alone. Ferd will prefer Thornhaugh, I am sure—and perhaps Ruth is longing for some more billiard lessons."

"I'm afraid the click of the balls would disturb Percy, as nervousness lengthens—I beg pardon—sharpens the ears. Good-bye, grandmamma. Has Cecil your permission to accompany me to the gate?"

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Rupell, closing the door.

As Mrs. Rupell shut the door, and came back into the room, somebody whispered in my ear—"Why don't you tell her?"

I sat erect and looked around me.

"Who was that?"

"It is I, Percy. How hot your head is, my poor child!"

"Did you tell me to tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"That he kissed her in the wood? I saw him do it."

"Saw whom?" said Mrs. Rupell, and her cheeks looked as burning as mine felt.

"Cecil. She cried, with her hair all down, and said he didn't like her. So he kissed her."

"Ah!"

"They had sent me for some water—and I fell down, and saw it. Send her away! she is making faces at me!"

"There is no one here, Percy."

"She will hurt my foot again! she did when I said I saw it!"

"No one will dare to touch you while I am here, Percy. Let me bathe your head with this cold water. There, isn't that nice?"

She had mingled ether with the water, and, after some inarticulate murmurings, I fell asleep.

I was so much better the next morning, that when Cecil invited me to a game of backgammon I accepted joyfully, and we played until Mrs. Rupell said we must stop, for she knew by my flushed cheeks I was getting too tired. She had been writing a note at her desk, and she now brought this to Cecil and asked him if he didn't wish to find out how Ruth was "after yesterday's performance."

"Am I to take this to her?" he asked, apparently unmoved, and with his usual princely air.

"If you please. It is a delightful morning, and you might as well drive over and bring her back with you."

Cecil put the note in his pocket, and wishing us good-morning, left the room. I have seen a copy of the note, and may as well give its contents.

Dear Ruth—Grandmamma was savage yesterday, and wanted to play the royal lion and keep the best of the prey to herself. But as she expects to be more or less confined by the care of her invalid for a week or two, she is afraid that her deer (or dears) will jump the enclosure, so begs you to come as a species of tamer and charm the beasts that they may not be inclined to roam. Bring enough to make yourself pretty with, and oblige ELEANOR RUPELL."

Ferd now came in with a great armfull of bright leaves and berries, and what pleased me more than anything else, a collection of every variety of fungus—those flowers of the shade and the damp—that could be found in Dicoom Wood, with a broad cushion of green moss upon which to arrange them. The scarlet and yellow filaments which glorify some brown and ancient stump—the circular fungus, pearly-white, brilliant rose-color, gray, studded with dark embossments, and others as purely white as a spring crocus. When the bed of moss had been jeweled with these we set it in a circlet of scarlet hips and haws, viburnum, and briony, intermingled with black, glossy clusters of privet, violet-hued sloes and elderberries.

"It is a dish to set before a king," said Ferd when our labors were concluded, and Mrs. Rupell had been called upon for her tribute of admiration.

"That makes me think of Annis," said I. "Have you seen Annis, Cousin Ferd?"

"Annis is an old acquaintance of mine."

"I should like to see her now I am ill, grandmamma."

"Do you only wish to see people when you are ill?" Ferd inquired.

"I have so much to do when I am well that I can't attend to everything. But now I shall have to be lazy for years and years."

"*Days* and *days*, you mean—unless you intend to be a cripple."

"A cripple! Oh! how dreadful!"

"To have such pretty ankles for nothing!" said Ferd.

"May Annis come in sometime, grandmamma?"

"I will send for her now if you wish it."

"I do wish it."

Mrs. Rupell rang, and Mrs. Bromer answered the bell.

"Send Annis here, Bromer."

"She is wanted to amuse the young lady, I suppose? It's all the poor creature is good for, and she should be thankful that she is needed, for then she is remembered."

"I did not ask for a homily, Bromer."

"I do not know what that is, madam. A pudding, perhaps?"

"Will you do my bidding?"

"'*Tisn't in the will*, madam." And saying this, as Shylock says—"I do not find it in the bond"—Mrs. Bromer left the room.

"What does she mean?" said Ferd.

"To annoy me as much as possible. The endurance of years has somewhat hardened me, but I must confess that the feudal spirit stirs in me sometimes when she is so insolent."

"Can't you send her away?"

"That is just what I cannot do. Your grandfather's will directs that she shall remain in this house as long as she lives, and hold the place of housekeeper as long as I live. This is the only burden upon the estate, so I feel as if I must endure it."

"Why did he make such a provision for her?"

"That is more than I can tell. She was a servant in the house when I came to it a bride, and, until your grandfather's death was perfectly obedient and respectful. I myself promoted her to the position of housekeeper, finding her to be admirably qualified to hold it."

"I should think she must now be the 'Old Man of the Sea' to you."

"She is, and were it not for my respect for your grandfather's wishes, I should sometimes quarrel with her—but, as he never did anything without a good reason, I try to make the best of it."

"And does Annis belong to the house also?"

"Bromer chooses to keep her here, and I have no objection to her doing so."

"Annis looks just as she used to when I was a little boy."

"She must be at least forty years old—

though I am not sure that any one knows her exact age."

Some one now tapped at the door, and Mrs. Rupell saying "Come in," Annis bounced into the room, and pausing at the door, executed a series of courtesies in a half-circle before us, as she had done upon the first day of my arrival at Thornhaugh. Having finished, she stood motionless, looking around her in her wild way.

"Miss Percy wished to see you, Annis," said Mrs. Rupell.

Annis looked at me and slowly shook her head. "She was Kitty when I knew her—and now—oh! I see. Good-morning, Miss Kitty-Purr. 'The two gray cats and the gray kitten's mother all went over the bridge together. The bridge broke down and they all fell in. May the rats go with you, said Tom Bolin.' I have dreamed of rats. Is that a sign that the house is falling?"

"It is odd, but *I* have dreamed of rats lately," said Mrs. Rupell.

"Let Miss Kitty catch them," said Annis, eagerly. "'Miss Jane had a purse, and a mouse was in it,' and I told Jane so, but she says 'twas no such thing, that her purse hadn't even as much as a mouse in it, the more's the pity! If she carried the cheese money, as aunt does, she wouldn't think the more's the pity."

"Isn't she a character, grandmamma?" said Ferd.

Low as he spoke, Annis heard and turned upon him like lightning. "A *good* character, Master Ferdinand and Isabella. Where's Christopher Columbus?"

"Gone to get a doctor for this young lady," said Ferd, laughing.

"Yes, I remember—Jack and Gill went up the hill to get a pail of water—Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Gill came tumbling after. He must have been a king to wear a crown, but I thought the Jacks were knaves."

"Some *Kings* are," said Ferd.

"'*Honor* the King,'" said Annis, solemnly. "And the Queen—Queen Ruth. I suppose she won't have to open the door? *They* can crawl under, you know."

As she spoke the door opened and Ruth came in, radiant, Cecil following. Running up to her grandmother, she bestowed upon her a filial embrace.

"Don't be so tender. You will make the boys wish to participate," said Mrs. Rupell. "You have brought a trunk, I suppose?"

"Yes, grandmamma. Bromer has attended to that."

"Bromer is invaluable. Take off your hat, child, and do up your hair."

"My hair is all right, grandmamma."

"I thought 'twas all wrong. But I suppose you know best."

"Does it look so?" asked Ruth, turning coquettishly to Cecil.

"Oh! you *know* that Cecil likes that Titian-Duchess style. Pity your hair isn't red."

"With my dark skin, grandmamma?"

"A little red and white would remedy that. It's a shame you can't make yourself over to order."

"Some connoisseurs think the darker a picture is the better."

"Because it gives a look of age. But women are not the better for that, like wine, cheese and trees."

"I shan't allow that, grandmamma," said Ferd. "Just think of yourself."

"Are *you* going to turn flatterer, Ferd?"

"As for that, I think more of you than I did nineteen years ago."

During this conversation Annis, who had continued to courtesy from the time Cecil entered the room, evidently concentrating all her reverence upon him, had gradually approached him, and was looking at him curiously from head to foot.

"What is it, Annis?" said Cecil at last, beginning to smile.

"I don't see it," said Annis, anxiously.

"What is it you don't see?"

"Susie said Miss Ruth had her eye on you. Is it that shiny thing that sparkles in your cravat?"

Ferd burst out laughing. Mrs. Rupell laughed also. Ruth blushed intensely, and Cecil said quietly, "So you think Miss Ruth's eyes resemble my diamond?"

"I see them twinkle in the sky every night," said Annis. "Can you get me one?"

"When I make my journey to the moon."

"You can ride the cow when she jumps over it. Spotty's a safe one," said Annis.

XV.

A COUPLE OF FAMILY FAILINGS.

I wonder that Ruth should have been willing to stay at Thornhaugh that first week, for Mrs. Rupell by no means allowed Annis's unfortunate mistake to sink into oblivion, and it was so constantly alluded to, either openly or covertly, that Cecil would no longer wear his diamond cravat-pin. Upon its non-appearance he was presented with a superb cat's eye opal by his grandmother, with the words: "I think you will like this, because it is yellow in some lights."

Ruth was the only one who seemed altogether unmoved by her grandmother's innuendo. She was charming to Susie, the author of the unfortunate remark, making her a present of a very handsome brooch, of a somewhat passé style, and adorning her with a flounced grenadine as pink as her round cheeks. But she knew how to punish Susie even while she showered gifts upon her, and caressed her with her sweet glances and soft tones.

It was Susie's business to wheel me out into the garden every day, that as Mrs. Rupell said—I might get "well-sunned." Here I would sit among the soft cushions of my chair, with Susie to talk to me, and bring me flowers, if I wished them, or hunt for the corpses of the peacock-butterflies—and intercept wandering snails, or seek out the haunt of a toad, that I might watch him catch flies in the sun. Once or twice Andrew had joined us, to bring me a choice bouquet, or tell me tales of his "ain countree," when he had learned that "Wallace wight" was one of my favorite heroes, and Robert Bruce my ideal monarch. To these stories Susie had listened with an absorption heightened by her interest in the narrator, and had informed me, with a sigh, that "The hours in the garding with you, Miss, are the 'appiest in the day."

To us, one day, when thus harmoniously met, came Ruth, with her hair in the "Titian-Duchess style," upon her shoulders, a crimson dress, cut square—she had a plump, pretty neck—and trailing sumptuously behind her, a shawl of amber-colored crêpe, draped artistically around her, and her hands full of gorgeous-hued asters, like an impersonation of the dark, glowing Autumn. I saw Andrew's fair face redden up to the forehead, while Susie's color faded away, as if affrighted by the unwelcome presence.

"What a nice time you are having here!" she said. "What were you talking about so busily, Andrew?"

"I was telling about Scotland, Miss Ruth."

"May I listen, too? I—love—Scotland," she added, slowly, her voice dwelling on each syllable, with honeyed sweetness.

Andrew kept his eyes on the ground, when he replied—

"I cannot talk before you, Miss Ruth. My—heart—beats—too—fast."

"I am not so terrible a personage, Andrew. (When she spoke his name, she so pronounced it, that it sounded more beautiful than any name in the world.) "I will sit down by Miss Percy's chair, and you can forget that I am here."

"I could not do that, Miss Ruth"—and with a faltering, almost extinct voice, he resumed his narrative. Gradually he "warmed to his work," his cheek flushed, his eye flashed, his language became loftier, and even took a tone of refinement. He was evidently inspired by the presence in his audience. Ruth let him have her brightest glances from the beginning to the end, as freely as she would have bestowed their light upon Cecil himself—while poor Susie crouched on the other side of me, pale, trembling, her hand clutching nervously at one of the wheels of my chair, and swaying me as I sat.

"If you please, Miss, Jane will go with you, to-day," said Susie, the next morning.

"Why can't you, Susie?"

"'Taint fair *one* should have all the good time out of door. I do Jane's work, and she takes my play."

"You're a good girl, Susie."

"I *was*, Miss. But you look in the papers, some day, and per'aps you'll see my 'anging."

I laughed, and then looked grave, at the thought of pretty, plump Susie coming to such an end.

Soon after, Jane wheeled my chair into the garden; and when I was fairly established, Ruth again appeared—this time, in blue, with scarlet opera-cloak, from the hood of which streamed her loose, shining curls, blown into tendrils by the soft, Autumnal wind.

"I have found in the library a very interesting book about Scotland," she said, "and thought perhaps you would like to have me read to you, while you sit here."

I liked nothing better than to hear anyone read aloud, and, as Andrew was no where visible, accepted the offer, with thanks. She read about a page, when Andrew presented himself, bearing a bunch of snowy chrysanthemums. He paused, at a distance from us, apparently hesitating.

"I am reading about Scotland," said Ruth. "You won't interrupt us, Andrew."

"I brought these for you, Miss Ruth. But you don't wear crimson, to-day."

"Thank you. They will do quite as well with this dress." And she pinned them in a cluster, in her hair, between which and the scarlet hood, they were dazzling.

"Did you expect to find Miss Ruth here?" asked Jane, who had sniffed audibly, when the flowers were presented.

"The ladies come into the garden every day," was Andrew's reply.

Ruth's reading was as perfect as her singing; and I, for one, was listening breathlessly, when, from behind some towering shrubbery, Mrs. Rupell appeared, leaning on Cecil's arm. I, only, had seen her, and she paused, surveying us, with her lip curling and her nostril quivering, as I had never seen them before.

"Here's Mi-sis!" said Jane, triumph in her tone—for she saw what was impending.

Ruth looked up, and Andrew started, made a movement, as if to shoulder his hoe, then set it down more firmly, resting his clasped hands upon it.

Mrs. Rupell saluted us with a deep'y-ironical courtesy.

"I beg your pardon for having interrupted your reading-party. Why are not the cook and the laundress here, and Susie, and Harris, and Thomas? I am sorry that they should lose an opportunity for improving their minds, while doing my work."

"Perhaps you would like to listen, also," said Ruth. "I am reading to Percy, about Scotland."

"I hope the delicacy of the compliment is appreciated."

"Wouldn't you like to hear about the gallant Wallace, Cecil?" said Ruth.

"Thank you, but I do not admire him."

"Not admire Wallace! I presume now, that Louis Napoleon is much more interesting to you?"

"I must confess that he is."

While they were speaking, Mrs. Rupell said something to Andrew, who bowed, and disappeared. Then she turned to Ruth.

"Hereafter, Miss Rupell, if you wish to read to Andrew, be so kind as to follow him about, while he hoes and spades. I cannot afford to lose so much of his time. Jane, Miss Percy has been out long enough. Cecil, it is getting cool, and I think we had better go back to the house."

If Mrs. Rupell thought she had shamed her granddaughter, she was very much mistaken. Ruth accompanied them to the house, walking by Cecil's side, and engaging him in conversation; and I thought I could perceive, as Jane slowly wheeled my chair behind them, that he appeared to be interested. At the door, Cecil lifted me out, carrying me into the house, and placing me upon my pet sofa.

Ruth sat down to the piano, and began playing very softly, "under her breath," I called it—a twilight-habit of hers; so that I often fancied I could trace in the low chords she played, the reflex of the pale-violet hues and faint, silvery lustre, which still rayed the western sky after the sun had set. Cecil took his position at the upper end of the room—a circumstance I remarked, for I thought he was trying to get as far from Ruth as he could—and Mrs. Rupell sat on my sofa, that I might lay my head on her lap, and play with the many shining rings she always wore.

The last pallid tints died from the sky, and it grew so dark that I could no longer catch the glitter of the diamonds I had been slipping from Mrs. Rupell's hands, and trying upon my own small fingers. The music Ruth was playing now, was exquisitely tender, and had the pathos of that perfect happiness that borders upon sorrow, from the thought that Death still underlies the shining fabric of our bliss. Sweet, interrupted chords, and little rills of sound, like brooks flowing over pebbles, and soft, sighing trills, which ran into faint melodies like echoes of the pleasant memories of youth, when one is old. Darker and darker it became, until the night seen from the windows, seemed a black solid mass, without the loophole of a single star. Lighter and lighter grew the touches of Ruth's fingers, the very ghost of melody, soft, musical whisperings, the echo of a thought. Suddenly, a broad, white glare shone through the window near the piano, like that thrown from the disk of a magic-lantern, and showed us a dissolving view—Ruth, in Cecil's arms, her head upon his shoulder, and, in an instant, Ruth, alone at the piano, in the centre of the illumination, while a thunderous roll from the bass keys seemed to be the concomitant of this lightning.

Had Mrs. Rupell seen it? She said: "What is that?" The window opened, and the disk of white light was swung into the room, while we heard two feet leaping lightly to the floor.

"Is that you, Ferd?"

"Yes, grandmamma. I wanted to see about my horse, and hunted up this dark lantern for the purpose, for the night seems cut out of the solid rock. When I came back, I thought I would frighten you into the belief that burglars were around."

"I am not easily alarmed," said his grandmother. "The others may have been differently affected."

"Where's Cecil?" said Ferd. "Oh! asleep there in the corner, like a good boy."

"I will ring for lights," said Mrs. Rupell. "While listening to Ruth's music, I had forgotten how time passes."

"It seems to have soothed His Royal Highness wonderfully," said Ferd, turning the light of his lantern upon Cecil, who was leaning back in his chair, with folded arms, lazily regarding him. "I woke you up, didn't I, old fellow? Was it from a 'Dream of Love?'"

"I never tell my dreams," said Cecil, quietly.

"You are as sly as 'Joey B.,' Cecil. Commend me to the Prince, who can keep his own counsel. The Louis Napoleonic tactics are the successful ones in our days."

"And in all ages," said Cecil.

"I suppose it is a dreadful thing to say, but I always thought blustering hot-headed Saul a nobler spirit than that sly David, who slipped in when he was asleep and cut off his coat-tails."

"You will shock grandmamma if you speak in that way," said Ruth.

"I find myself somewhat impervious to shocks lately," said Mrs. Rupell. "I don't think that the shock of an earthquake would move me much!"

"What would you think of a heaven-quake?" said Ferd. "A throning of that rosy Olympus, where Venus and 'her blind boy' exercise their soft sway over strength, wisdom, courage and maidenly reserve, as impersonated in Vulcan, Minerva, Mars and the chaste Diana?"

"To say nothing of the craft of Mercury."

"I believe Cecil is going to sleep again!" said Ferd.

"Not if you will play a game of chess with me," was the reply.

The next morning Ruth went to ride with her two cousins, and Mrs. Rupell and I were left at home alone. I was in a very restless mood, and nothing pleased me. Mrs. Rupell, having tried to amuse me in a variety of ways, at last asked if she should tell me a story.

"Please tell me why—why you were shut up in that room, and all dressed in black, when I first came here."

"I have expected you to ask that question before, Percy. I was doing penance."

"Penance! Are you—"

"Yes, I am a Roman Catholic. And thus, every year, I strive to expiate a great crime I have committed."

"You, grandmamma! A crime!"

"I did not kill any one with my hands, Percy; but my wicked temper murdered my own son. I was angry with him—I drove him, with harsh words and cruel taunts, to leave his home, and—and—he was drowned at sea! My youngest and dearest child!"

"Was his name Robert?"

"Yes, Percy. He was wrecked at the same time with your father, who knew and loved him well, so Rupert wrote me in that letter. Of course you could never have seen him, for it happened before you were born. But that your father loved him, has been one reason I have had for loving you."

"Why were you angry with him?"

"He wished to marry his cousin."

"That was like Rupert."

"It was, and I will not have it. Not one of my children shall make such an unholy alliance while I have a brain to plan, or wits to work against it." Her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkled, she clenched her hands and beat her foot upon the floor. Presently she drooped her head and sighed. "There is my temper again, Percy! The old leaven will show itself constantly. It is a family-failing, and will work our ruin at the last, I fear."

"Has—*Rupert*—a temper?" I asked timidly.

"He is very much like me—and—I suppose that is why we have always clashed. And Ruth has *my* temper and the craft of the Rupells."

"What was your maiden name, grandmamma?"

"Eleanor Cecil—Cecil is named for me."

"Has *he* a temper?"

"He has never exhibited it, to my knowledge. But he must have it in him."

"Didn't you—didn't you—show your temper about—Rupert, grandmamma?"

"No, child. It was plainly understood between us that, should he persist in his intention to marry Ruth, he must leave my house."

"And—Cecil, grandmamma?"

"What about Cecil?"

"I—oh! nothing. But, I thought—"

"You thought?"

"That you wouldn't wish Cecil, any more than Rupert—"

"Well?"

"To—to marry Ruth."

"Nothing has been said about Cecil marrying Ruth."

"No, grandmamma."

"It is no affair of yours, any way, Percy. And little girls should see and not speak."

I understood this to be intended as a check upon any further speech from me as to what I had seen the preceding evening. So I closed my lips and meditated upon the family failing that Mrs. Rupell feared would be its ruin in the end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The clergymen of Bucyrus, Ohio, six in number, have published a strong protest against "dancing at any time or anywhere as an amusement."

☞ John Bright, when at Dumfries lately, made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Robert Burns.

☞ "Miss" Olive Logan has been married about a dozen years.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ Pork is quoted in Hayti at $50,000 a barrel. Paper money is the cheapest article on the island.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 6, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces, must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $40—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

CLUBS.—Those who design raising Clubs for THE POST for the ensuing year, should go to work at once, before the ground is crowded with canvassers for other periodicals. The inducements we offer are so great, that there probably will be very little difficulty in filling up the lists. The subscriptions and money should be sent on as soon as obtained, (even when the lists, if large, are not full) in order that the forwarding of the paper may not be delayed.

STACKS! STACKS!!

New subscribers need not fear that our large extra edition of the numbers of THE POST from October 2d is beginning to be exhausted. We have yet stacks on hand. Therefore send on your names without fear. We expect this time to be able to supply all new comers.

Will our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to THE POST, and its liberal inducements. By so doing they will confer a great favor upon us.

Compare the terms of THE POST with those of other first-class weeklies—and mark the contrast!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIVING THOUGHTS. A volume of Selections from the best authors—designed as a Gift Book. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

FROM THE CRIB TO THE CROSS. A Life of Christ in Words of One Syllable, by Mrs. EDWARD ASHLEY WALKER, author of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in words of one syllable, &c. Illustrated. Published by Geo. A. Leavitt, New York; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Philada.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By JOHN BUNYAN. In Words of One Syllable. By Mrs. EDWARD ASHLEY WALKER. Published by Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Phila.

LINDA; OR, THE YOUNG PILOT OF THE BELLE CREOLE. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Rena; or, The Snow Bird," &c. With a Biography of the Author. The public will welcome a new edition of the works of Mrs. Lee Hentz—one of the most popular story writers of her day, and whose productions so often delighted the readers of this paper. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

HOW CHARLEY ROBERTS BECAME A MAN. By the author of "Forrest Mills"—a Prize Story. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Duffield Ashmead, Philada.

HOW EVA ROBERTS GAINED HER EDUCATION. By the author of "Forrest Mills." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Duffield Ashmead, Philada.

Paper from Shavings and Sawdust.

Dr. Matthiessen, a well-known *savant*, now appears in the character of an inventor and patentee in England of an important improvement. He submits wood when in a state of division, such as shavings, sawdust, or disintegrated wood, to what is known as a rotting process, that is to say, the wood in a state of division is steeped either in running or stagnant water, and is allowed to undergo a rotting or fermenting process, by which process certain constituents of the wood will be decomposed and removed, and the subsequent treatment of the residual ligneous fibre for the production of pulp or paper will be thereby rendered more economical, and the process of boiling and bleaching is more easily effected.

☞ The following quotation from Moore, was suggested by Miss Dickinson's last lecture, in which she appeared in a very fashionable dress:—

"Fallen race of man," said the pitying spirit,
"Dearly you pay for your primal fall;
Some flowrets of Eden you still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

☞ One popular church in New York, is commonly called "The Church of the Holy Zebra;" another is called "The Church of the Holy Shanghai;" another, "The Church of the Holy Grasshopper;" and in Brooklyn there is "The Church of the Holy Mudturtle." Reverential this.

☞ An editor in New Jersey brings delinquent subscribers to his counter by publishing obituary notices of them. When they have paid up arrears, he contradicts the report of their death by saying they were only "dead beats."

The Millionnaires of New York.

From the London Spectator.

Nothing strikes us so strongly in this gold crisis in New York as the enormous and unrestrained power of the new American plutocracy. They seem to be rising to a position which, in the extent of the influence it confers, is without a parallel in the history of aristocracies, or is paralleled only by that of the few Roman families which united to hereditary station in the republic the command of masses of treasure and armies of debtors. There are men as rich in England, and men perhaps as unscrupulous in Europe, but for men as unrestrained in the use of their power, as defiant of opinion, of the law, of their own reputation, of all that limits the application of extraordinary means, we must seek in the East or in the history of the old Pagan world. A Roman Senator would destroy a province to recover his interest on a loan, or raise a civil war to rid himself of his debts, and the American "ring"-leaders seem willing to force on a national bankruptcy, or ruin an army of shareholders, as mere incidental strokes in some grand "operation," or rather game, for in many cases they seem actuated by the determination to win, at least as much as by any thirst for profit. What does Mr. Vanderbilt—with, it is said, £15,000,000 sterling—want with the few scores of thousands he makes when in some huge railway campaign he crushes a thousand families? Yet he crushes them. In Europe a first-class millionaire of that sort would dread financial disturbance as he would dread an earthquake. In America he makes one. The game, the excitement, the notoriety seem to be the temptations of these men, even more than the profit, and the whole scene suggests that in America, as in Rome, satiety comes quick to the very rich; that for the man of millions life has few interests; that the hunger for excitement has reached the height where nothing will gratify it but battle, or orgy, or huge mad gambling, perhaps the most dangerous symptom which a community can exhibit. The "operation" which has recently convulsed New York and shaken American credit throughout the world was not in itself a very extraordinary one. American currency is paper; but all duties must be paid in gold, and a good many contracts must be fulfilled in one way or another by transfers of bullion. A few rich men, therefore, thought that if they could get possession of all the available gold they could get their own price for it, and the gold in stock being everywhere a very limited quantity, they fancied themselves rich enough to do it. Given a few men sufficiently confident in one another, and sufficiently rich to begin the game, pledging their gold as they got it, and there is nothing very extraordinary or very far-seeing in such a plan, which was, indeed, very imperfectly organized, the ring having either forgotten or been deceived by the largest bullion-holder in the country, the Treasury of the United States. The really extraordinary thing is that men of such wealth and such capacity should have been willing to run such a risk, and endanger the commercial safety of the Union in such a spirit of recklessness. Gamblers do very mad things sometimes, but in Europe vast wealth seems to sober men, and the city could no more think of the Rothschilds or Barings or any first-class bankers playing *rouge-et-noir* after that fashion than of their trying to shut the Bank of England for the sake of studying the physiognomical marks of despair on a splendid scale. The effort to do such a thing would cost any millionaire more cash in the consequent depreciation of his credit than he could hope to make by his operation. In America, we fear, had Messrs. Fisk, Gould, and the rest won the game, and stood out victors amid the surrounding ruin, their credit would have been increased.

A Warning.

This is an age of memoirs, and those who have noticed current literature cannot fail to have been pained with the hyena-like disposition which has been shown to unearth faults and failings in the lives and characters of the dead. The unpleasant memories and incidents which friends had "willingly let die" are brought to a broader light than they appeared in while the subjects of this post mortem examination were living. The pleasant associations which cluster around our libraries are marred. We should like to think of authors as something allied to the spiritual, but the sensation annalists reproduce every one of their petty infirmities, and the faults which they thought to hide while they lived are ruthlessly dragged to the light and exposed.

Now, we submit that there are very few men, or women either, whose memories would not suffer by such a ruthless removal of the decent cover which they threw over their own weaknesses. And it is especially unjust, after a man is dead, to print and circulate charges which were not current against him while he lived. The dead cannot defend themselves, and their dumb and silent helplessness should "give us pause" when we would speak of their faults. If the works of a man are worth reading, he has, to the extent of that value, made the public his debtor, and we cannot be quit of the debt by alleging even malicious truths against him.

We may add that even a truth becomes an untruth, when it gives a false idea of a man's character as a whole. And if slander and detraction be reprehensible things in private, and of private individuals, how do they become virtues by being indulged in in public, and regarding a writer, or a public man, who has passed away. It seems to us that a biographer especially should be very careful not to say anything disparaging that is not undeniably true of the dead—and even then it should not be told in such a manner as to give a false idea of the general character, and of the whole life.

☞ The petrified giant of Onondaga is now claimed as the work of a crazy Canadian, who thought he was making a statue of St. Paul.

☞ The Russian Government cannot suppress the Skoptsi. Only a few weeks since a party of 400 of these fanatics left the town of Balatschow, and proceeded to a neighboring wood to pray. A madman, named Wasiloff, declared that he was the Son of God, and, after choosing twelve apostles from the party, called for a human sacrifice. Five victims were at once selected, placed on a number of wagons which had been piled up for the purpose, and burned alive. A woman seized the shaft of the cart and beat two young girls to death; while another female was first trodden under foot and then literally torn to pieces by the fanatical crowd.

☞ Down in Mississippi they call a colored man a "Fifteenth Amendment."

Two Ways.

"There are your month's wages," said Mrs. Steele, tossing some bills into the lap of a young girl whom she employed in her kitchen, "and if I should do justice to myself, I should keep back full half of it; I hope next month you will try to be a little more help to me—not move about quite so slowly as you are accustomed to, and take a little more pains in handling dishes. Many housekeepers would have taken the price of that pitcher you cracked, out of your month's wages, and I am not sure but I shall adopt some such plan in the future."

The young girl took the money with a moody look, and went about her task with a heavy, resentful spirit. These hard words she felt were undeserved, as she had tried to please by doing her work faithfully. But all through the house the system reigned. It was one continual scene of fault-finding from morning till night. No wonder that the angels of peace and happiness spread their white wings and fled away.

In a rose-wreathed cottage, just over the way it was also Bridget's pay-day.

"Here are seven dollars, Bridget, and may they do you a great deal of good. You are getting on nicely now, and learning very fast to do work in my way. Mr. Howard thought you had quite exceeded yourself in yesterday's bread and pies."

Bridget's broad face was all aglow with pleasure as she opened her hand to receive the money.

"Indeed, ma'am, it's all from the patient teaching I've had. My last mistress called me a dolt and blockhead, and I didn't much care for to please her. But if you please, ma'am, I would like your advice on a little matter. Would you wait till I get money enough for a shany silk dress, or would you just spend your money now for what you needs?"

"By all means get you a good, comfortable pair of shoes, Bridget; and I would advise a neat delaine dress, also. A cheap, poor silk is not nearly as nice as a pretty fresh calico."

Then followed some excellent advice to the young girl, which was listened to with the deepest respect, and which gave her some new and valuable ideas on the subject of what was tasteful and becoming in dress. Little by little she moulded and wrought over the plastic mind into something far better than the early promise gave her reason to hope for. For five years the young woman labored faithfully in the service of her kind employer, and only left her to enter a home of her own. How much better was she fitted for that position by the kind and judicious training of those five years. How much better, too, was Mrs. Howard served than her neighbor Mrs. Steele, who looked upon her help as only machines, out of which to get the greatest possible amount of labor.

It takes time and long patience to do this, but it is part of the work, desponding housemother, that God has given you to do.

"Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels shall hasten the story to tell."

—*Country Gentleman.*

Editorial Skirmishing.

Wordy retorts between rivals of note generally make pretty good reading in newspapers that contain but little startling news and few solid editorials, and they become particularly interesting when all parties are personally known to nearly every reader. Mr. George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Journal, was an adept in the art, and usually found foeman worthy of his steel among the editorial fraternity in Kentucky. Shadrach Penn was one of these worthy foemen, and the battle generally raged fiercely between the two. He and Prentice were intimate friends and almost continually together, but they would time and again violate each other's most sacred confidences for the purpose of some paltry joke or home thrust. On one occasion the two were bathing in a "sanitarium," and Mr. Prentice fell fast asleep in his bath-tub. Penn saw him, and laughing immoderately at the prospect of a good joke the next morning, betook himself to his office, where he prepared an elaborate sketch for publication, detailing the fact that Prentice was drunk in a bath-tub. He had no foolish scruples about mentioning names. Prentice, however, was awakened by Penn's prolonged laughter, and, beclouded as his brain was, he immediately comprehended the situation. He also returned immediately to his office and prepared an elaborate account of the affair, embellishing and coloring it to suit the desperate circumstances under which he labored, but substituting the name of Penn for Prentice in the cast of characters. Both paragraphs appeared next morning, each in its respective sheet, but as Prentice's was the most highly colored, the people gladly accepted it as the true narrative.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ It is estimated that a hundred million people read the English language, and only half that number read French.

☞ The Boston Journal says it is rumored that Miss Anne E. Dickinson will soon make her debut on the stage at the Boston Theatre. Doubtful.

☞ Miss Emma Webb, the young woman who is lecturing against female suffrage, is described as of fascinating presence, rather more than the average height, possessing a charming oval face, full of intelligence; a pair of bright black eyes, from which dart glances full of fire and meaning; and beautiful hair, arranged in the most wonderful of top-knots with long streaming locks behind.

☞ Two-thirds of the Paris editors are said to be in favor of a republic. But they do not govern their own offices on that principle.

☞ It is announced that two-thirds of the Presbyteries have ratified the reunion of the Presbyterian churches by the required majority. The General Assemblies will meet at Pittsburg on November 10, to count the votes and announce the result.

☞ An Omaha despatch, contradicts the statement that the Nebraska Legislature ratified the Suffrage Amendment last March, and says an extra session will probably be called this winter.

☞ Napoleon has ceased smoking, to the great grief of his tobacconist.

☞ General Butterfield has resigned as Assistant Treasurer at New York. He is charged with speculating in gold and bonds.

☞ A brilliant meteor passed over Dayton and Forrest Station, Ohio, on Wednesday morning. It was accompanied by a rumbling sound, and at Forest Station there were three explosions heavy enough to break windows.

☞ A man named Brock was recently found dead on the grave of his wife in Vanderburg county, Indiana.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day in New England is not, as in olden time, observed with a regard to the religious ceremonies of the day. This falling off from the customs of the Puritans has attracted the attention of the clergymen of Massachusetts, who are signing a petition to the Governor on the subject. This document states that the signers are convinced, by long and close observation, that the annual appointment of a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer by the Governor of the Commonwealth—once, doubtless, a usage which met the convictions and desires of the people of the State at large—has gradually been perverted from its original design and professed intent, until it has ceased to command attention and respect; that the day set apart by proclamation has fallen into general neglect as a day of religious observance, and comes to be a day of much license, disorder, and excess; that they believe it to have become a source of demoralization rather than of religious or moral impression, and that the discontinuance of the custom of appointing an annual Fast would be for the public good.

Earth Closets.

A stock company has been formed at Hartford, Connecticut, for manufacturing these closets or commodes. The earth closet resembles a high-backed chair or box, and takes the place of the common water closet, but at greatly reduced cost, and free from the inconvenience of freezing in winter, as there are no water pipes. Neither is it in any way offensive in warm weather. After being used, the pulling of the handle discharges into the closet a pint of dry earth, entirely preventing any effluvium. The hopper attached to the back part of the closet, contains earth for twenty-five times. Then the scuttle below, containing the dirt, may be taken away, or it may be repeatedly used. Several convenient kinds of dirt may be used, such as peat, coal ashes, clay loam, but neither sand nor wood ashes would be desirable. Whatever material is used should be perfectly dry, as well as thoroughly pulverized.

Any ingenious farmer could make one of these closets. If he cannot devise a sprinkling apparatus, a little scoop to be used by the hand, is said to be effectual. The manure made is of course very valuable, and fully repays the expense and trouble of the arrangement.

TRIPTING.—Mr. Sumner, in his speech at Worcester, said:

"The fall will be like that of the ancient *god* from the battlements of heaven.

——'From morn
To noon he fell; from noon to dewy eve—
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star.'"

We thought it was *Satan* who had such an awful fall. Mr. Sumner calls Quintilian "the Attic bee." He is unfortunate again, for it was not Quintilian, but Xenophon to whom the ancients gave the title of *Attic Bee*, to express their idea of his eloquence, which was as sweet as honey.—*Old Guard.*

☞ There are two hundred and seven thousand names upon the Pension roll at the Pension Bureau, and over one hundred thousand cases are still pending for decision.

☞ The San Francisco Illustrated News furnishes the following cheerful parody, setting forth the coming of the Chinese:

We are coming, Father Koopmanschap,
A hundred million strong,
We will bear each man a rice-bag,
And each will beat a gong:
We will drive the Sambos lively
Before our moon-eyed hosts,
And whip the poor white trash, sir,
From out these golden coasts;
Then we'll take this mighty nation
And sell it for a song;
For we're coming, Father Koopmanschap,
One hundred million strong!

☞ The steamer Stonewall was burned on the Mississippi river, about forty-five miles above Cairo, Ill., on the morning of the 29th ult., and of 250 persons on board, only 60 are known to be saved. The disaster was caused by a pile of hay catching fire from a candle, by the light of which some deck passengers were playing cards. The vessel was valued at $45,000, and had on board 800 tons of freight, including 200 horses and mules.

☞ A lucky clergyman in New York took a $5,000 wedding fee last week.

☞ All but four counties in Ohio have been heard from officially. Governor Hayes's majority will be about 8,000. The temperance candidate for Governor did not receive more than 700 votes in the entire state.

☞ There will be six eclipses next year, but none of them will be visible in the United States.

☞ The New York Sun reports that Fisk, Jr., said, recently, "If Vanderbilt lives two years longer, I will bust the old cuss."

☞ A young wife of seventeen, in Chicago, has got a divorce. She married a fellow who said he had $200,000, when he hadn't a cent. Besides that, he pinched her.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Temple, who has been appointed Bishop of Exeter, is the Head Master of Rugby School, and author of one of the least heterodox of the famous "Essays and Reviews." He is a Broad Churchman, and his nomination to succeed the very High Church Bishop of Exeter is sure to bring down a torrent of denunciation on Mr. Gladstone from the strictly orthodox.

☞ The Chicago jail has over its door the rather inappropriate word "Liberty."

☞ Specie isn't very abundant in Nevada. The Grass Valley Union says that "the jingle of a half-dollar can be heard from one end of the state to the other."

☞ The Empress Eugenie, when travelling on the sea, wears a peculiar kind of uniform, resembling in a feminine way that of a naval officer. The idea is, of course, imitated by French sea-going ladies generally.

☞ An infant child of Mr. F. S. Giles, of York, Me., was recently poisoned to death by sucking a green veil which the nurse had thrown over its face to keep the flies off.

☞ A Wisconsin paper alleges that the secret of the success of Chicago newspapers lies in the fact that every man and woman in the town takes every paper, for fear a divorce notice, in which they are interested, may be published, and they not find it out.

☞ Thomas John Penn, the last male descendant of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, is dead.

Understanding of Dogs.

That dogs have a pretty clear understanding of things in general about them is evinced frequently. We knew of one, a noble Newfoundland, whose special duty it was to do the churning, and he comprehended the approach of churning day as well as the housewife. Regularly on the morning of that day he would disappear, unless securely locked up. We remember another dog, a superannuated mastiff, which exhibited a comprehension fairly human when his master said in his presence that Tiger must be killed because he was old and useless. An exchange tells of one which had been in a certain family sixteen years. Overhearing a conversation between his owner and a neighbor one day about killing him, he disappeared that night from the premises, and has not since been seen, except for a short time near a house a mile or two away.

☞ The "champion female jumpist," Kate Murphy, has turned out to be a boy.

☞ Annie Wagner, according to an intelligent San Francisco jury, died of "a gunshot wound discharged from a pistol."

☞ The Suez Canal has cost eighty-one million dollars.

☞ A collection of twenty-five pins, very well made, has just been placed in the Louvre. They were found in the subterranean vaults of Thebes, and were made more than three thousand years ago, showing that the modern invention is only a re-invention.

☞ Miss P. A. McKay, a "highly-esteemed and beautiful young lady," aged eighteen, has committed suicide by drowning herself, at Quincey, Ill. She left a note stating that she did not do the act from love or shame, but because "her friends hated her," and this was "a cold and dreary world to live in."

☞ The Charleston Republican says that several gentlemen have suggested the English sparrow as a means of getting rid of the cotton worm, and urges that the experiment be tried on the Sea Islands.

☞ The following slanderous paragraph goes unrebuked:—"A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first of them as a secret."

☞ The blind man thinks more constantly than the seeing man; this from his habit of uninterrupted introspection. Out of blindness came the Iliad and the Paradise Lost.

☞ Suitable dower for a Widow—Widow-er.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 9000 bbls sold at $6@6,25 for extra; $6,25@7 for Pennsylvania extra family; and $6,50@7,25 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat—20,000 bus of Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern red sold at $1,17@1,20; 10,000 bus Western amber at $1,40; 5000 bus Western white at $1,45; and 2000 bus Kentucky white at $1,65 ₩ bus. Rye—7200 bus of Western and Pennsylvania sold at $1,05@1,10 ₩ bus. Corn—50,000 bus of Western mixed at 90@93c, the former rate for low mixed, and 25,000 bus of Pennsylvania and Southern yellow at $1@1,05 ₩ bus. Oats—60,000 bus Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Western, sold at 55@60c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales new prime Mess at $31,50 ₩ bbl. City packed Mess Beef; sales at $21. Beef Hams are held at $31@32. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19½@20c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 19½@20½c, and Shoulders at 16½@17c. Green Meats, sales of 400 tes pickled Hams at 17@18c, and shoulders at 15½@15½c. Lard; sales of 450 bbls and tes at 17½@18c for steam and kettle rendered, and kegs at 19c. Eggs are selling at 33@35c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 300 bales middlings at 30½c for uplands, and 26½@27c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—60 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $32,50 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Blackberries sell at 12c ₩ lb; dried Apples at 6½@11c; quarter Peaches at 7½@7½c, and halves at 10@10½c ₩ lb.

HAY—Sales of Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,45@1,60; mixed, $1,35@1,45; Straw, $1,40@1,50.

HOPS—We quote new at 18@25c, and old at 5@12c ₩ lb.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is less doing; sales 900 tons, including No. 1 at $93; No. 2 at $25, and No. 3 at $25@26,50. Forge sells at $23,50@24,50; white and mottled Iron at $23,50@24,50, and of Scotch Pig at $27@28. Manufactured Iron—Sales of bars at $90.

SEEDS—800 bus Cloverseed sold at $6,90@7,12½, and 450 bus Timothy at $2,37½@2,50. Flaxseed sells at $2,50@2,55 ₩ bus.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Sales of 23,000 lbs at 32@33c for unwashed; 38@40c for tub; 47@48c for mixed and fine fleece, and pulled at 40@44c ₩ lb.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

This is admitted to be the fact by the thousands who are now using *Dr. Tobias' Celebrated Venetian Liniment.* It has been introduced since 1847; and no one once trying it is ever without it. It will positively cure the under-mentioned complaints, if used as directed:

Chronic rheumatism, sore throat, headache, toothache, sprains, bruises, old sores, swellings, mosquito bites, and pains in the back, chest or limbs. Also taken internally, for cholera, diarrhœa, dysentery, croup, colic, sea sickness, spasms, &c. It is perfectly harmless to take internally. (See each accompanying each bottle.) It has never failed to cure every case of diarrhœa, dysentery, and croup, if used when first taken. Always have a bottle in the house in readiness, and you will never regret it.

Price, 50 cts. and $1. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. nov6-4t

☞ Legrand Lockwood, who recently failed in New York, has a house and grounds at Norwalk which are valued, in their incomplete state, at $800,000, and it was his intention to expend more than a million upon them. The owner's chamber is furnished with elaborately inlaid rosewood, the bedstead canopied with green, forming a frame-work of gold and jet. Attached are a dressing-room and an oratory, the latter frescoed in imitation of fluted white satin, the windows hung with Persian fabrics, and the ceiling in rose drab and gold, with a dome of sky-blue studded with stars.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 23 and 25 Jefferson St. Office 54 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ Dubuque, Iowa, has a precocious student of astronomy, who under examination gave the following astonishing answer to the question: "What is the Milky Way?" "The Milky Way is a collection of white clouds in the sky, called the trade winds, or the aurora borealis."

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

☞ In ploughing or teaming on the road in hot weather, always rest the horses on an eminence, where one minute will be worth two in a warm valley.

A Narrow Railway.

The two feet gauge railway in North Wales, constructed for the purpose of transporting slate and stone to the sea shore, is now used as a regular goods and passenger line. The traffic, it is asserted, in consequence of the diminished expenses of construction and working yields a revenue of thirty per cent. on the capital. The reason assigned for this large amount of earnings is, that the proportion between the dead weight and the paying weight is much less than on other railways. Thus, the engine and tender weigh ten tons against forty tons on wide gauge roads. The carriages on the Welsh road transporting twelve passengers weigh thirty hundred weight, or two and a half hundred weight per passenger, while the broad gauge carriages transporting thirty-two passengers weigh seven and a half tons, or nearly five hundred weight per passenger. The London Railway News, in commenting upon this two feet gauge, asserts that "its economy and efficiency will cause it to be extensively adopted."

How Hostetter's Bitters Cure Dyspepsia.

THE WHOLE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.

The office of the stomach is to convert the food into a cream-like semi-fluid, called CHYME. This is effected partly by the action of a solvent, called the gastric juice, which exudes from the coating of the stomach, and partly by a mechanical movement of that organ, which *churns*, as it were, the dissolving ailment. The CHYME passes from the stomach into the duodenum, or entrance to the bowels, where it is subjected to the action of the bile, and the nutritious portion of it converted into a fluid called *Chyle*, which eventually becomes blood.

Now, it is evident that if the great solvent, the gastric juice, is not produced in sufficient quantity, or if the mechanical action of the stomach is not sufficiently brisk, the *first process of digestion* will be but imperfectly performed. It is also clear that if the liver, which plays such an important part in changing the nourishing portion of the chyme into the material of the blood, is congested, or in any unnatural condition, the *second process* will not be thoroughly accomplished. The result of the *two failures* is *dyspepsia*, complicated with *biliousness*.

The mode in which HOSTETTER'S BITTERS operate in such cases is this: They invigorate the cellular membrane of the stomach, which evolves the gastric juice, thereby insuring an ample sufficiency of the fluid to completely dissolve the food. They also act upon the nerves of the stomach, causing an acceleration of the mechanical movement necessary to reduce the food to a homogeneous mass. They also act specifically upon the liver, strengthening it, and so enabling it to produce an ample and regular supply of bile, for the purpose of converting the nutritious particles of the *Chyme* into *Chyle*, and promote the passage through the bowels of the useless debris.

In this way, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS cure dyspepsia and liver complaint. The explanation is plain, simple, philosophical, and *true*. nov6-4t

☞ Jack S., a tipsy cobbler, always kept blue Monday; but on Easter Sunday, having a friend visiting him, he got pretty "full," and kept so all the week until it came Saturday morning, when his wife said: "John, ain't you going to work to-day?" He looked at her a minute in silence, and then said: "Jane, is not this holy week, and haven't I kept Easter Sunday, Blue Monday, Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday; and now do yer think that I will spoil the whole thing by working on Saturday? Not as long as I claim to be a religious man!"

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 27 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7 tf

☞ At Westminster, Mass., there lives alone a maiden lady of 78, blind and partially deaf, who says she has had forty offers of marriage, but prefers to live with her dearest companion, a cat.

OFFICERS (volunteer or regular) or their next of kin, if dead, in the U. S. A. or U. S. M. C., between May 1, 1864 and March 1, 1865, will be greatly benefited by immediately communicating with R. S. LEAGUE & Co., 125 S. Seventh st., Phila. sept4-1y

Just Out.

"CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,"

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis

None so good, none so pleasant, none cure as quick.

RUSHTON & Co.,
oct23-3m 10 Astor House, New York.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS create an appetite and stimulate digestion, give new strength to the whole system recruit the mental energies, and make the despairing invalid a hale and healthy man.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of Oct., by the Rev. W. J. Paxton, Mr QUINTUS C. BROWN to Miss SALLIE E., daughter of H. S. Bown, Esq., both of this city.

On the 26th of Oct., by the Rev. John H. Castle, Mr. JAMES J. BRYANT, of Media, Pa., to Miss MARY H. CALLAHAN, of this city.

By the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. J. DAVIS GOOD to KATE C. INGRAM, both of this city.

On the 28th of Sept., by the Rev. Edmond Leaf, Mr. WINFIELD S. GROVE, of this city, to Miss SUSIE T. FRY, of Limerick Station, Montgomery co., Pa.

On the 20th of Oct., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. E. THOMPSON DOUGHTY to Miss KATE STEEL, daughter of Edwin R. Steel, both of this city.

On the 19th of Oct., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. WILLIAM L. FORBES to Miss LOUISA VANFLEET.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Oct., W. W. DAVIDSON, in his 30th year.

On the 26th of Oct., GEORGE SCOTT, in his 48th year.

On the 25th of Oct., WALTER W. WATKINSON, aged 42 years.

On the 22th of Oct., JAMES PARCOART, Sr., in his 70th year.

On the 25th of Oct., Mrs. LOUISA HUSTON, aged 56 years.

On the 24th of Oct., HANNAH RHOADS, in her 74th year.

On the 24th of Oct., DAVID J. BLACK, in his 26th year.

On the 22d of Oct., THOMAS C. BAIRD, in his 38th year.

On the 22d of Oct., WILLIAM HARSHAW, aged 59 years.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Secrets of the Great City,

A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES, and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

If you wish to know how Fortunes are made and lost in a day; how Shrewd Men are ruined in Wall street; how Strangers are swindled by Sharpers; how Ministers and Merchants are blackmailed; how Dance Halls and Concert Saloons are managed; how Gambling Houses and Lotteries are conducted; how Stock and Oil Companies originate, and how the Bubbles Burst, read this work. It contains 25 fine engravings, tells all about the Mysteries and Crimes of New York, and is the Spiciest and Cheapest work published. Send for circulars and specimen pages of the work. Address JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. aug14-8m

ROOT'S

SCHOOL FOR THE CABINET ORGAN.

Containing progressive lessons, studies, and scales; songs, duets, trios, and quartets; voluntaries, interludes, and recreative pieces, for the parlor and choir. A work of established popularity. Annual sale 12,000. By George F. Root. Price $2.50. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

WANTED.—Agents, Teachers, Students, Clergymen, Farmers' sons and daughters, and all to sell

The Great Reformer of the Stage.

This interesting work is a pure, high-toned review of the amusement world, from a moral stand-point, by one of the most brilliant writers and advanced thinkers of our day, who, taking advantage of her early training and varied experience, shows the practical effect of life Behind the Scenes. She points out the dangers to the young, and marks, with the precision of a pilot, the Rocks and the Shoals, the Currents and the Eddies that are almost certain to wreck any soul that dares to enter the Show World, with its false attractions, and deceptive glitter. It ought to be placed in the hands of all young persons to show the hollow mockery of all fashionable amusements, and shield them from these allurements. It ought to be in the hands of older persons, church members, and leaders in society, as it gives reliable information of everything pertaining to the subject of Operas, Theatres, Concerts, Circuses, Menageries, &c., enabling one to meet every argument which may be advanced in favor of these popular catch-pennies.

The doors of the Green Room are opened wide, that all may see for themselves how things are done out of sight of the audience. All the clap-trap of Gauze and Tinsel, Spangles and Paint, Pads and Wigs, the character of stars, their ludicrous blunders, shams, piques, jealousies, quarrels, frailties and vices, which are so carefully concealed by the profession, are fully revealed by Miss Logan, the Retired Actress. Thus giving reliable information on a subject of which the people know less than of any other of like interest.

Beautifully illustrated with about 60 *spirited* engravings, 22 full-page cuts, 650 pages, on rose-tinted paper. Greatest inducements yet offered. Prospectus, sample copy, boxes, and stationery, *Free*. For circular, explaining, address immediately, PARMELEE & CO., Publishers, either at Philadelphia, Pa., Cincinnati, Ohio, or Middletown, Conn. nov6-3m

Free to Book Agents.

We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible* to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS. The largest, best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. Send for circulars, with terms, at once. Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York, and 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ills. oct2-3m

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.—All soldiers who were in any manner wounded, or contracted permanent disease in the late war, are entitled to Pensions. All such soldiers should at once write to John Kirkpatrick, Government Claim Agent, at Middlebourne, Guernsey county, Ohio. He can have their claims allowed and paid from the date of discharge, if application be made soon. He gives special attention to old and difficult cases, especially mother's Pensions, and has succeeded in them admirably.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When Nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair summer could bring

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the fair spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The Sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The Flowers, have not passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light azure base in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year,
Thou darling, whom Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

Horses.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ZIG.

Noble horses were more esteemed by the curious old pagans of ancient times than they are in our Christian age. You remember when brave Dido and her band of exiles founded Carthage, "*dux foemina facti*," that they dug up the head of a war-horse on the sea-shore, which was the true sign from Juno that they had landed at the right spot. The horse is mentioned in all the ancient legends far oftener than that blood-thirsty national emblem of our own, the tyrannical, screaming, lamb-eating eagle. Justly, too. A brave, gentle, high-spirited horse is the noblest of created beings, except the animal most like him, a brave, gentle, high-spirited human being. Our Saxon ancestors appreciated this when they raised on their flag, as the emblem of their country, a shining, beautiful, snow-white steed, and their nation has come down to us in quaintly-worded annals as the Saxon Kingdom of the White Horse. And the head of a snow-white horse, with delicate, arched nostrils and bright eyes, would be a far better emblem of a free republic, than the ugly, murderous eagle.

I like horses, be it understood, and horse-people. And I am not alone in liking them. A beautiful horse and a beautiful—man, both possess a strange, powerful attraction for the eyes of all womankind. Farther than that, in every dearest friend I ever had in my life, I have been able to trace some real or fancied resemblance to the noblest of four-footed animals. To be a horse-man is to be honest, generous, whole-souled, with a heart as large as a meeting-house, and a hundred times as large as most meeting-house creeds. I should think so. All the brave or beautiful people, all the single-hearted, true, helpful people, all the real good, serviceable people belonging to the human race, have been developed from the horse-type, I fancy. And when the cat-people, the pig-people, and the ape-people repulse and disgust you, and the rabbit-people worry you—you will find that you can always turn to the horse-people for comfort.

The expression to the face of a horse and of a horse-man is exactly the same. Both have that way of turning a large, mildly-winking eye upon you, as if studying and making up their minds whether you will do to depend upon or not, still mildly keeping one corner of an eye on your movements, even after their minds are made up. Horses are good judges of human nature. You never saw a mean-spirited, stab-in-the-dark, sneakish person yet who wasn't afraid of them. A certain rich man will not go into his own stable among his own horses after dark, under any consideration. The intelligent brutes put back their ears, and show their teeth at the very sight of him. Those horses know enough to vote, I assure you.

It is a foolish, whimsical amusement of mine to separate my good friends the horse-people into different ranks. The brisk, breezy, joyous people of this world, with life and spirit dancing through every nerve out at their very finger-ends, the people who fly swiftly and merrily along in their course, and drag the world after them at their heels, who start even with their mates in the beginning of life, but are miles ahead before they are half through it; these are the high-mettled, high-stepping carriage-horses of the human race, spirited enough and steady enough to draw great nations after them down the broad highway of advancing civilization. The smell of powder or the booming of cannon in their very ears, cannot move them a hair's breadth, or shock a fibre of their fine, highly-trained nerves. The fine-grained, most highly-organized horses and horse-people always stand fire best. They never are skittish in the hour of peril. Whatever happens, you know they will be in the right place and stay there. They never wheel and take the back track at sight of hobgoblins, black, white, political or metaphysical; never shy at tomb-stones, stumbling-blocks or block-heads. They are the thorough-breds of the human species.

There is a famous American preacher who, in some way, the saints above know how, is always associated in my mind with the famous trotting horse Dexter. He (the preacher) never objects to going through his very best paces before the public. No more does the horse. The horse is worth his weight in gold. So is the preacher. In fact the horse cannot be bought at all. Neither can the preacher. The horse is the fastest horse in America. And the preacher—but stop! That is not exactly what I meant to say, on second thought. I meant to word my meaning to the effect that the preacher is wide awake, keen and quick,—darts off like a flash of lightning over whatever moral race-track he sees before him. Dexter is dainty and a bit "finicky" concerning the matter of oats. Unless report is an outrageous story-teller, the great preacher is rather fastidious in regard to *his* oats. Dexter never breaks gait, nor disappoints his backers. And the parson is morally certain to give intense satisfaction to both friend and enemy, whichever way one wishes to take him. Dexter has truly wonderful "horse-sense," and strong convictions, as far as they go. The preacher is shrewd common sense and strong convictions all over. No man in the world combines in a higher degree the three great gifts of logic, eloquence and common sense, evenly moulded together. He is dependable, sagacious, and entirely fearless, just the character of a thorough-bred, highly-educated horse. If Dexter, off duty, out in pasture, snorts, flashes his twinkling heels into the air above his head, and cuts a succession of harmless horse-capers, he never does it when wanted for work. And if the parson, out of his pulpit, writes dime novels and perpetrates numberless small eccentricities for his own amusement, it is only so much the more in his favor as showing that a man may be a preacher for twenty years and still not have all the human nature ironed down and smoothed out of him. Finally, the envied owner of Dexter cherishes also an immense admiration for the preacher. Are they not alike?

But after all is said and done, the race-horses and the carriage-horses are not half so indispensable in the world as the strong, steady-going draught horses. We might possibly do without Dexter, but how ever could we manage without the heavy-limbed, faithful animal who toils patiently up the hill and brings us our coal and potatoes? The swift folks, the beautiful folks and the famous folks are all delightful, but if people had to be divided off into two sets, the one all racers and the other all workers, and we had to make choice between them—it is not I who, remembering my daily bread and butter, would hesitate long about my side of the fence. Dexter can't plough, Dexter can't draw a coal cart. We should be badly off indeed without the slow-going, every-day working people, "collective mediocrity," as a great philosopher, with his head in the clouds, gazing through green spectacles into futurity, calls them. I hope he enjoys it. For myself, I have the intensest respect for mediocrity, collective and individual. It can't help itself, and maybe it wouldn't be any better off if it could. It is not the geniuses who are the happiest, or the most useful. It is collective mediocrity, with its busy, active life, the respectable draught-horse people, stout of arm, stout of heart, with no time for dyspepsia or opium dreams.

Poetry fills the imagination, but it has a way of leaving the stomach fearfully empty. To fill this awful void, mediocrity, collective or individual, steps in, feeds you, clothes you, furnishes the paper you write on, and does your roast to a turn every day for you. Moreover, if there were no such thing as mediocrity in the world at this moment, I have shrewd suspicions that ninety-nine hundredths of the human race and I never should have been born, or at least that we should have died very young. Bless us! The serviceable, common-place people keep the world going. The poets, the orators, the philosophers and the fighters would turn it topsey-turvy, drive it absolutely crazy, but for the excellent draught-horse people who ballast it. This would be a fearful world to live in if all mankind were geniuses.

Then there is the spry little pony. Not precisely the "pony" so useful to sundry fat, white-headed youths, times when we were put through our paces in Virgil and the Greek Testament. Reader, hast thou an inkling what manner of pony *that* pony is? But it is not that. It is the spry little pony-people, excellent in a general way—intelligent, helpful, industrious, but obstinate as iron when once they have their peppery, hard little heads set. The most obstinate thing in nature except the personification of obstinacy, is a petted, spoiled pony. And the pony people seem to have an idea that it makes them appear like big, consequential horses to be stubborn and immovable. The stubbornest person I ever knew of was an excellent little pony-man who weighed ninety-five pounds with his overcoat on. And if you will take the pains to notice among your friends, you will that the obstinatest people on the list are the small folks. But barring stubbornness, they have scarcely a fault. They are faithful friends and good workers, filling their places wonderfully well. Humor their one little whim, make them once fancy that they have the curb in *your* mouth, and are shaking the ribbons over *your* back—and you can put them in harness and hold the reins till the end of the chapter. But you must not let them know it.

Finally we come to the sorriest creature of all—the Worn-Out Stage-Horse. He belongs to no particular place or rank in life. Wherever a human being is worked from morning till night, sick or well, worked even in his uneasy, fitful dreams, with just enough food for soul and body to keep them together, with no kindly word or gleam of beauty in his joyless pilgrimage, with all the hope and bright ambition worked out of him, and life but one "horrid grind" till he lays it down at last, worked and cuffed to death—that is the worn-out stage-horse. It is a comfort that we do not have to live always.

He might have been a high-mettled racer, under brighter stars—who knows? Or a beautiful, satin-skinned carriage-horse, if he had ever had room to show what was in him. Or better yet, a wise, strong, gentle draught-horse, if he had been well-fed and rightly understood. But he never was. He has been nothing but a worn-out stage-horse all his life. You will see him going home to his ill-favored little stall of an evening, with his small, frightfully small, dinner-basket resting across the sleeve of his rusty coat, a lonely drudge, wearing always the same weary, puzzled look, as though he were forever wondering why he was born. Meaner men clamber over his shoulders and walk above his head; he never rises in the world. He might have been noble, swift, and beautiful—but it was not to be. His fate stepped in and crushed him. Though his weary life were to run on a thousand years, he would never be anything but an ill-treated drudge. There is an ineffable pathos in that passage in Dickens's Tale of Two Cities, where poor, shabby Sydney Carton tells hideous Mr. Stryver:

"I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow if I had had any luck."

But stage-horses never have any luck.

Among women, it appears that seamstresses and school-mistresses are generally driven in the traces of the worn-out stage-horse, naught for them in life but dull, monotonous drudging, until the task-master has no more use for them, and turns them out on the commons. Look at them, and you will see the same sad, dazed expression in the faces of them all, hundreds and hundreds of faces, horses and people, who, if they look at you at all, seem to say with their submissive, troubled eyes:

"It's a weary world, is this world, and I'm
awful tired of living in't."

I feel like a worn-out stage-horse myself, at times.

There is a fifthly to this equine dissertation. Fifthly, then—do you notice that nearly all horses, however good-tempered when young, become spiteful and mischievous as they near the end of their earthly horse-pilgrimage, breaking into forbidden grain-fields, biting and kicking whatever comes near them, and never forgetting nor losing an opportunity of revenging any insult to their horse-dignity? We have a very old horse who would trample you under his feet and mangle the life out of you in an instant, if you were but to point your finger at him and give the faintest hiss. Now, are not very old people likewise a little apt to become suspicious and ill-natured, having entirely too good a memory for petty slights and injuries? I have observed it, I think. And I think, too, as time glides on, and each annual wave touches us and wafts us a little nearer to the other shore, that we ought to strive with all our might to keep our hearts young and generous, to keep our lives warm and bright with the sweet, unselfish feelings of our youth. In a word, Heaven send that we may never become spiteful, vicious Old Horses!

The Duellist.

FROM THE LONDON "TEMPLE BAR."

In the year 183- there lived at Bordeaux the last—or one of the last—of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to call *the Code of Honor*. This was a certain Comte de V——, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable *sang-froid*, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit—the duelling fit—was not on him; but this came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose. He had killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the *code* aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France; just as we are assured that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire; only the less noisome vermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed than was dealt out to the human brute.

The latest exploit of the Comte de V—— previous to the story I am about to tell was to goad a poor young student into a challenge; and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to use pistols, he replied, that "fools sometimes made mistakes with pistols," and the next morning ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the bloodshed quieted him for another half-year, and rather more, for public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for him.

But the scandal blew over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a cafe by the river-side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the little garden of this establishment our wolf swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with a heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequently he found himself the centre of a circle which expanded as he went on. This did not displease him. He liked to be feared. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

At a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and an expression of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good-humored. He was engaged reading a journal which seemed to interest him, and eating strawberries, an occupation which does not call forth any latent strength of character. Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte de V——, and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf were in that pleasant fold.

As the Count approached this table, it became sufficiently well known whom he was about to honor with his insolence; and the circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature baited—especially when we are out of danger ourselves.

The strawberry-eater's costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a curious hat, which—the weather being warm—he had placed on the table by his side. "He is a foreigner," whispered some in the dress-circle. "Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte seated himself at the table opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loudly, "Garcon!"

"Garcon," he said, when that functionary appeared, "take me away that nasty thing!" pointing to the hat aforesaid.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal, was on the brim of the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garcon was embarrassed.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the Count. "Take me that thing away! No one has a right to place his hat on the table."

"I beg your pardon," said the strawberry-eater, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; "I will make room for Monsieur."

The garcon was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him—

"Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself."

"What does that matter to me?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

"That I should take the gentleman's hat."

"By no means," observed the stranger, uncovering again. "Be so good as to carry my hat to the lady at the counter; and ask her, on my behalf, to do me the favor to accept charge of it for the present."

"You speak French passably well for a foreigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the table, and looking his neighbor full in the face—a titter of contempt going round the circle.

"I am not a foreigner, Monsieur."

"I am sorry for that."

"So am I."

"May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?"

"Certainly. Because, if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself very rudely."

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning, precisely, you."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the lookers-on, as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush this poor creature."

"Monsieur," replied the strawberry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone, "I have the honor not to know you."

"Death of my life! I am the Comte de V——."

The strawberry-eater looked up, and the easy, good-natured face was gone. In its place was one with two gray eyes which flashed like fire, and a mouth that set itself very firmly.

"The Comte de V——," he repeated in a low voice.

"Yes, Monsieur. And what have you to say against him?"

"I? Oh, nothing."

"That may be well for you."

"But there are those who say he is a coward."

"That is enough," said the bully, starting to his feet. "Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address," flinging him a card.

"I shall not trouble myself to seek Monsieur le Comte," replied the strawberry-eater, calmly tearing the card in two.

"Then I shall say of Monsieur what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me."

"And that is?"

"That he is a coward."

"You may say what you please, Monsieur le Comte. Those who know me would not believe you, and those who do not—my faith! what care I what they think?"

"And thou—thou art a Frenchman!"

No one *but* a Frenchman could have thrown so much disdain as he did into the "*thou*."

The strawberry-eater made no reply, but turned his head and called "Garcon!" The poor trembling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was prepared for him, and stood quaking some ten yards off.

"Garcon," said the stranger, "is there a room vacant in the hotel?"

"Without doubt, Monsieur."

"A large one?"

"But certainly. They are all large—own apartments."

"Then engage the largest for me for to-day, and another—no matter what—for Monsieur le Comte."

"Monsieur, I give my own orders when necessary," said the count, loftily.

"I thought to spare you the trouble. Go, if you please (this to the waiter), and prepare my rooms."

Then the strawberry-eater returned to his strawberries. The bully gnawed his lip. He could not make head or tail of this phlegmatic opponent. The circle grew a little wider, for a horrid idea got abroad, that the count had not found one who was likely to suit him, and that he would have to seek elsewhere what he wanted.

The murmur that went round roused the bully.

"Monsieur," he hissed, "has presumed to make use of a word which amongst men of honor—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Which amongst men of honor—"

"But what can Monsieur le Comte possibly know what is felt amongst men of honor?" asked the other, with a shrug of incredulity.

"Will you fight yourself with me, or will you not?" roared the count, goaded to fury.

"If Monsieur le Comte will give himself the trouble to accompany me to the apartment, which, no doubt, is now prepared for me," replied the stranger, rising, "I will satisfy him."

"Good," said the other, kicking down his chair; "I am with you. I waive the usual preliminaries. I only beg to observe that I am without arms; but if you—"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself on that score, said the stranger, with a grim smile. "If you are not afraid, follow me."

This he said in a voice sufficiently loud for the nearest to hear, and the circle parted right and left, like startled sheep, as the two walked towards the house.

Was there no one to call "police," no one to try and prevent what to all seemed imminent? Not a soul! The dreaded duellist had his evil fit on, and every one breathed freely, now that he knew the victim was selected. Moreover, no one supposed it would end there.

The count and his friend (?) were ushered into the apartment prepared for the latter, who, as soon as the garcon had left, took off his coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to move the furniture, so as to leave the room free for what was to follow—the count standing with folded arms, glaring at him the while. The decks being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantel-piece behind him, and said—

"I think you might have helped a little; but never mind. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England, at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own Lycees, I should, perhaps, have gained more book knowledge; but, as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and one of them is, not to take a mean advantage of any man, but to keep my own head with my own hands. Do you understand me, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I cannot flatter myself that I do."

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one who takes advantage of mere brute strength against the weak, or who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I came here, Monsieur—"

"Never mind for what you came; be content with what you will get. For example—to follow what I was observing—If a man skilled with the small-sword, for the more vicious love of quarreling, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him, that man is a murderer; and more—a cowardly murderer, and a knavish—"

"I think I catch your meaning; but if you have pistols here—" foamed the bully.

"I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket," replied the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned, would be justly punished if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at."

"Our seconds shall fix your own weapons, Monsieur," said the count; "Let this farce end."

"Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I now venture to express, not having that craze for blood which distinguishes some—who have not had a similar enlightened education—would probably think that such a coward and knave as we have been considering, would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating castigation befitting his knavery and his cowardice."

"Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to deal with," sneered the count.

"Yes. I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of its provisions."

"You will fight me, then?"

"Yes. At the school we have been speaking of, I learned, amongst other things, the use of my hands; and, if I mistake not, I am about to give you as sound a thrashing as any bully ever got."

"You would take advantage of your skill in the box?" said the count, getting a little pale.

"Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small-sword with poor young B——."

"But it is degrading—brutal"

"My dear Monsieur, just consider. You are four inches taller and some thirty to forty kilogrammes heavier than I am. I have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow, it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B—— *had* got over your guard, it would have gone hard with you. But then, I shall only black both your eyes, and perhaps deprive you of a tooth or so, unhappily in front; whereas you killed *him*."

"I will not accept this barbarous encounter."

"You must; I have done talking. Would you like a little brandy before we begin? No? Place yourself on guard, then, if you please. When I have done with you, and you are fit to appear, *then* you shall have your revenge—even with the small-sword, if you please. At present, bully—coward—knave, take that, and that, and that!"

And the wiry little Anglo-Frank was as good as his word. In less time than it takes to write it, the great braggart was rendered unpresentable for many a long day. *That* number one caused him to see fifty suns beaming in the firmament with his right eye; *that* number two produced a similar phenomenon with his left; *that* number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the ceiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when one or two other *thats* had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawberry-eater took him by the neck and—well, another and lower part, and flung him out of it on to the flower-bed below.

The strawberry-eater remained a month at Bordeaux to fulfill his promise of giving the count his revenge. But then, again, the bully met with more than his match. The strawberry-eater had had Angelo for a master as well as Owen Swift, and after a few passes, the count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. The seconds interposed, and there was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared being thrown out of the hotel window, and ridicule—so awful to a Frenchman—rid the country of him. The strawberry-eater was alive when the battle of the Alma was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.

A Maiden's "Psalm of Life."

Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream," for the girl is dead that's single and things are not what they seem. Life is real, life is earnest, single blessedness a fib; "man thou art, to man returnest," has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is short and time is fleeting, and our hearts though light and gay, still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle—be a heroine—a wife. Trust no future howe'er pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead! act, act to the living present! heart within and hope ahead. Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and departing leave behind us such examples as shall "tell." Such examples that another, wasting time in idle sport, a forlorn unmarried brother, seeing shall take heart and court. Let us, then be up and doing with a heart on triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.

☞ Rev. Mr. Dye, of Fairfield county, Conn., was travelling through Western Ohio, mounted on a tall, lank, raw-boned animal, (a good frame to build a horse on,) when he came to the junction of two roads, and not knowing which might lead him to his destination, asked a ragged, dirty-looking urchin which of the two roads would lead to W——. The boy, in a rough and uncouth manner, said, "Who are you, old fellow?" Mr. Dye, being greatly astonished at the child's incivility, replied, "My son, I am a follower of the Lord." "A follower of the Lord, eh? Wall, it makes mighty little difference which road you take, you'll never catch Him with that hoss."

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 2d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following *Special Offer* to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all *new* subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. *Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.*

☞ *At the present date we have a large number of the back papers to October 2d still on hand.*

This offer applies to all *new* subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the case of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

EXHIBITION OF BUDDHA'S TOOTH AT KANDY, CEYLON.

Ceylon has been vividly sketched in a few lines by Bishop Heber, in his well-known hymn:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only *man* is vile."

Buddhism has its centre and stronghold in Ceylon, as the faith of Brahma finds its fortress in Benares. Gautama Buddha, or "the lord Gautama," is the chief deity of Ceylon; and in the principal city, Kandy, is preserved a relic deemed worthy of profound worship—a tooth of this great teacher.

Buddhism is supposed to rule over about *four hundred millions* of the people of the East. To "the lord Gautama" many colossal statues have been raised in Ceylon, and his images occupy the temples. His offerings are fruits and flowers; and no blood must be presented at his shrine. The chief of all his relics, perhaps, is the sacred Bo-tree at Anuradhapoora, which is said to have sprung from a branch of the very tree under which Gautama reposed when he became a Buddha. This tree stands in an enclosure, 345 feet in length by 216 in breadth. Sir J. E. Tennent says, "So sedulously is it preserved, that the removal of a single twig is prohibited, and even the fallen leaves are collected with reverence as relics of the holy place."

Ceylon has long been an object of interest to all the missionary societies, and five societies have their laborers on this beautiful island. The Church Missionary Society, the Gospel Propagation Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, and the American Board of Missions, have, altogether, as many as thirty-three European missionaries on the island, assisted by 176 native teachers. Their communicants amount, in the aggregate, to 3,392, and they have more than 12,000 children under education. But the general result shows a far less return than is found among the poor and oppressed Karens, or the hard-faring Indians of Rupert's Land.

Our engraving represents one of the annual festivals of Buddhism—the exhibition of Gautama's tooth at the great temple of Kandy. Gautama—the Buddha, or the Enlightened—is believed to have died about 2,500 years ago. It is wonderful what a sway his doctrines still have over the minds of a very large proportion of the human race.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOVE AT LAST.

If Miss Belle Annesley had brains for any one thing more than another, it was music; in that she excelled, and she sang sweetly. To see her at her harp was a charming sight; to stand and turn over the music for her at the piano while she sang, was, to one man at least, the acme of human bliss; and that man was Richard Dunn. Her boast to Thomas Kage had not been an idle one.

"There is no passion fools us like that of love." It has, indeed, been well said and sung. Here was this middle-aged sensible man—one of the most respected in the higher ranks of the commercial world—burning to lay himself and his wealth at the feet of that flighty child. He had been caught by the winning ways, the laughing eyes, and the blue ribbons of this fairy girl; and all the arguments of all the sages that the world ever produced could not have convinced him that she would not be for him a suitable wife. Evening after evening, when the occupations of the day were over, found him at Mrs. Annesley's. There he would sit listening to her songs, and fancy himself, not in Paradise-terrace, but in a real Paradise.

She detected his love; *she* saw the nature of his intentions. When does a woman, and a vain one, no matter how young she may be, ever mistake such? And though Belle Annesley ridiculed him and his hopes behind his back—as she had done to Thomas Kage—she practised all sorts of little arts and coquetries before his face, which she knew were enthralling his heart the closer. She had not the smallest purpose in the world in doing this, except her love of admiration and of teasing.

Mrs. Annesley, seeing things but dimly, as an interested looker-on often does, did not interfere one way or the other. It seemed next to impossible that Richard Dunn—the grave, staid city man, the wealthy iron-merchant—could cast a serious thought to her frivolous, light daughter. She was the very essence of cold propriety—as was once before said—and how she came to have so giddy a child was a marvel to the world. A vast deal more giddy, Miss Belle, than the stern woman suspected. Had she known of the flirting scrapes Belle sometimes drifted into, she would have gone crazy.

There was not any harm in Belle Annesley, and she by no means deserved the epithet that has come into use of late—"fast." Wild and thoughtless was she—a careless, flitting butterfly, who held hearts to be very light articles, and had not as yet felt her own touched. With it all, she was a tender little plant, not very able to bear rough and rude winds, should they ever assail her.

I wish there was time to tell of an acquaintance she fell heedlessly into with a handsome foreign gentleman of magnificent whiskers. His behavior was good; and Belle, through a mistake for which nobody was responsible, understood that he was staying with a nobleman, the Duke of Derbyshire. "Staying with," in Belle's idea, could mean nothing but visiting. When the denouement came, it was discovered that he was only the duke's cook—a very capable man in his profession, and by no means ill-born, enjoying, too, a very large salary. That was really a lesson to Belle, and for some time she was tolerably steady.

Meanwhile Mr. Dunn, intending to quit the city and come westward, took on lease one of the better houses in Paradise-square, and was busy furnishing it. One day Miss Belle, in her saucy way, told him he would want a wife when he went into it.

They happened to be alone. Mr. Dunn seized on the occasion and said yes, he should: would she be the wife? Belle affected to be taken with the most intense surprise, and almost as good as retorted that he had better make an offer to her grandmother. The episode passed off, without much compromising of himself on Mr. Dunn's part. A listener might have been in doubt whether he really meant to put the question, or had intended it as a joke. And somehow with that moment his eyes opened to his folly, and he knew that he should forever thank his propitious stars that the frivolous girl, in her caprice, had been wiser than he.

But it does not fall to the lot of all of us to do foolish things and not be talked of. How it got about, mischief only knew; but rumors of Mr. Dunn's forthcoming marriage, or at least of the offer, went spreading abroad; whether whispered by the girl in her heedlessness he never knew. They penetrated even to the deaf ears of Mrs. Garston; who, as deaf people often do, took up the tale à tort et à travers.

"So we shall soon have to congratulate you upon giving up your bachelorship," she said, one day that he had gone in to see her.

Mr. Dunn became the color of a rose. Who could have been talking to *her* of his affairs?

"If you take a wife at all, it's time you set about it," pursued the ancient lady, "for you are hard upon forty, my dear. You and my poor son—who lived but a day—were born in the same winter."

"How's your deafness, ma'am?" asked Mr. Dunn. "It was very bad when I was last here."

"Oh, that's better, Richard. I don't make mistakes now. She is a good, prudent, sensible girl, that Miss Annesley; one in a thousand."

"Is she?" thought Mr. Dunn.

"Though full young for you, Dickey. That gossiping woman, Mrs. Williams, used to say she knew you were up to your eyes in love with An—Anna—what's her name?—Annabel. I asked her one day if she did not give Richard Dunn credit for more sense than to fall in love with a flighty young creature, only fit for a dancing-girl at Astley's. But you have chosen well, my dear, and have shown your sense."

"What *are* you talking of?" asked Mr. Dunn.

"Isn't it true, then?" returned the old lady. "Are you not going to be married?"

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed the merchant wrathfully. "I'd see all the girls at—York, first?"

"The tales that people invent!" cried Mrs. Garston, heaving up her hands in wonder. "Somebody came here the other day, and said you had made an offer to Miss Annesley, and were furnishing your new house in splendor for the wedding."

"She's too young and flighty for me, ma'am," he roared in her ear. "Never you fear that I shall marry her."

"What's too young and flighty?"

"Miss Belle Annesley."

"I didn't allude to *her!*" screamed Mrs. Garston, rapping her stick wildly on the floor in her deafness and wrath. "It's her cousin Sarah; old Parson Annesley's daughter. I hope you don't call *her* flighty—a well-brought-up, sweet-tempered, elegant young woman. You might be proud to get her, Dickey."

"She is not far wrong," grumbled the merchant to himself when he went away. "I have sometimes questioned, even when in the height of my infatuation, whether I had not neglected the gold to hug the gilding."

The spring grew older; but there's nothing much to tell of it. Mrs. Canterbury was the gayest of the gay London world; her husband tried to be, but made a signal failure of it. The poor drooping old man (so upright not long ago) ought to be at home at the Rock, people said; and Mrs. Garston gave the young wife one of her sharp reprimands on the score. Thomas Kage called on them once a month or so; and that was the extent of the intercourse he allowed himself with Mr. and Mrs. Canterbury. Caroline took refuge in a fit of haughty resentment, and let him follow his own course. Not until July did she and her husband depart for the Rock.

Summer passed on, and Thomas Kage came home from circuit, on which he had gone. His coming and going mattered little to anbody, except, perhaps, Mrs. Garston, for he confined himself mostly to his work and his chambers. Sarah Annesley was then at Chilling, whither she had departed on a long visit.

Which left Miss Belle comparatively free. That young lady's turn was to come, however; and she, who had laughed at others, was soon to have her own heart touched to infatuation.

For so fashionable a man as Captain Dawkes to appear in London when everybody that *he* would have deemed of consequence was out of it, argued something under the surface. For more than two years Captain Dawkes had been in Ireland with his regiment. He now suddenly reappeared in London. On leave, he said.

People can get through money in Ireland, if so inclined, just as fast as in England; and Barnaby Dawkes had found it so, to his cost. The gallant captain had come to the very end of his tether, available and unavailable. He pleaded sickness at headquarters, and got leave to absent himself from duty; his real business being not sickness, but to move every propitiatory power to enable him to raise the wind.

The chief power—that is, the chief hope, Mrs. Garston—was not propitious. Quite the contrary. It really seemed to Barnaby Dawkes that the old lady must be gifted with a kind of second sight; so accurately did she divine the state of affairs, and recount it to his face. At first Barnaby thought Keziah must have been talking; but he found she had not. It was all good guess-work. Mrs. Garston said he should have no help from her; the money-lenders were not to be seduced; and Barnaby Dawkes, captain and gentleman, sat down and seriously asked himself what there remained to do.

It might have been pure pastime—pour faire passer le temps; or in his love of a pretty face—Belle's, or any other; or because his usual expensive life was not obtainable under the present adverse circumstances, that Captain Dawkes took, during this sojourn in London, to go a good deal to Mrs. Annesley's. Keziah was tolerably intimate there; with her brother their acquaintance had been but very slight. A sober moderate household such as that was not one likely to attract Captain Dawkes. During his absence in Ireland, the frivolous child, Belle, had grown into a very lovely young woman—if indeed the term "woman" can be applied to a girl not out of her teens. Captain Barnaby Dawkes was agreeably struck, and began to talk in whispers to her forthwith.

How do people fall in love? What subtle instinct is there that induces it? While one man, good and honest and worthy, will press his suit in vain—and, in spite of all reason, a woman can no more persuade her heart to care for him than for the idle wind—another will step in and take it by storm. It was so with Annabel Annesley. Ere Barnaby Dawkes had called at the house three times, her cheeks would glow, her whole pulses thrill at his approach. He was a handsome man, as Miss Belle counted handsomeness; but this had nothing to do with the enthralment, for she knew that if he had been as ugly as a satyr her love would be just the same. With her whole heart and life she had learnt to love Barnaby Dawkes.

How it changed her! Her very nature seemed to have been replaced by one essentially different. The thoughtless butterfly, ready ever to sip sweets from all the world, whose pleasure seemed to have lain in meeting attractive men and laughing with and at them, became as sedate as a judge. When Miss Annesley came home from Chilling, at the end of October, she wondered what had come to the child—all her lightness was gone. Gone, to be superseded by a tender, subdued joyousness, shining ever from the now shy eyes. Belle did not care to go out now; she stayed at home and sang her songs—love-songs always—in a tender, half-hushed tone, or worked slippers or other trumpery, and was as good as gold; ever seeming to be listening for the step of visitors. Belle Annesley had made her life's choice, for weal or for woe.

It might be that Captain Dawkes was a little touched also; that what had been begun from the lightest of all motives was continued because he had grown to like the pastime. At anyrate he persevered in it. A tall, big, fine man he, with glossy, fierce, dark whiskers, that might set the world a longing and a barber off in ecstacies; and she the sweetest little blue-eyed fairy to be found in London. If contrasts attract, as wise ones say, then the episode in these two lives need not be wondered at.

In an unfashionable part of Pimlico, in a quiet street through which nothing more aristocratic bowled than an occasional cab or the baker's cart, lived Miss Dawkes. She occupied the drawing-room floor, and had so done for some years now. When Barnaby was in London she moved to a small room at the top of the house, and slept amidst her boxes, leaving the better chamber behind the sitting-room for him, if he chose to come home to it. He gave his address at his club: never here. The sitting-room was of very moderate size, with drab curtains to the windows, and a drab-and-green table-cover, both somewhat the worse for wear. Miss Dawkes's income amounted to just one hundred and twenty pounds a-year; so she had to be content with small lodgings.

It was a gloomy evening in November, seven o'clock striking by the London churches. Miss Dawkes had dined at one o'clock off beefsteak-pie; the remainder of the pie—a small one—had just been put upon the table for supper, with bread and cheese. Keziah liked good living, and would very much have preferred to dine luxuriously at six; but fate and fortune were adverse. She was subject to frightful headaches, and never dared take her supper much later than seven. The fire burnt clear, the lamp was bright and well turned on, for Barnaby might arrive at any moment, though she did not particularly expect him.

A rush of wind and rain in at the street-door below as it opened, and Captain Dawkes came up, his coat and umbrella dripping. Keziah took both from him, and went where she could leave them to dry.

"Cursed weather," remarked the Captain, when she returned. "It's raining like cats and dogs."

"Whose umbrella is that, Barnaby?" she asked.

"Whose? Why, mine."

"Indeed, it is not. This is like yours in general appearance, but it is a little smaller, and has 'S. A.' engraved on the handle."

A pause of consideration. Captain Dawkes, taking up the whole of the fire, and gently touching his luxuriant whiskers, was admiring his face in the very small pier-glass.

"I've left mine at the Annesleys', then, and brought one of theirs away by mistake. 'S. A.?' That must stand for the parson's daughter. She is going to be married to Richard Dunn."

"What, Sarah Annesley! Well, I thought it was coming to it," slowly added Miss Dawkes. "He has grown to like her, I suppose; and she, as anyone may see, likes him. How do you know it?"

"Belle whispered it to me."

"It will be a very suitable match; but he was in love with little Belle once."

"Like his impudence," remarked Captain Dawkes. "I wish I had his money."

"Will you take some supper, Barnaby?" The Captain turned to survey the table.

"D'ye call that supper?"

"It is the best we have to-night. They told me down-stairs they could not cook anything, or I would have ordered you a cutlet. The parlor-floor has got a party."

"I wonder you stop in these lodgings, Keziah."

"If I moved elsewhere, I should be no

better off; perhaps worse. And I am used to them; I don't care to go."

"You want the energy to move, Keziah."

"Not the energy, Barby, dear—the money."

Captain Dawkes growled at Fate.

"I wish the devil had all the money, Keziah! There'd be no bother then: should all be in the same box."

She was serving the pie, and putting the choicest morsels on his plate, with every drain of gravy the spoon would take up. On her own plate she put the hard ends of crusts, the dry meat, the odd bits of fat. Barnaby Dawkes watched all this, but never an objection made he; and he sat down and began upon his supper without so much as a word of thanks. He had been living upon his sister entirely for two months now. It seemed his province to take all the good things of life that came in his way, though she had to starve upon the worst. Keziah had spoilt and pampered him.

"You are hungry, Barby."

"Well I may be! I have had no dinner. Stone asked me to dine, but I found I should meet somebody I'd rather not meet just now."

"Have you seen Aunt Garston to-day?"

"Yes. And she threw her stick at me."

"Oh, Barby! I suppose you put her out."

Captain Dawkes scraped up the scraps on his plate, for he was really hungry. Keziah resented the company on the parlor-floor, and wished she could have cooked him the missing cutlet.

"You should have had something better, had I thought you would come home to dinner, Barby."

"I should order pigeon-pies, Keziah; or chicken. Beefsteak-pies are common kind of things."

Keziah inwardly wished she could. She began mentally to ask herself when this state of affairs would end. Not for her own sake, or for the expense and contrivance it cost her, but for Barnaby's.

"I do my best, Barnaby. Oftentimes I wonder that, with my small income, the best is so good as it is."

Captain Dawkes, considering his sister as nobody, had turned his back on the table and sat hiding the fire, bending over it and twirling his moustache.

"I suppose it will have to come to selling-out, Keziah."

"And if it does? You could not keep the money, and would be worse off than you are now. With the proceeds of the commission gone, you would simply be a beggar."

Yes. And it was a very gloomy look-out. Captain Dawkes saw that as well as anybody. No man liked to stand better with the world than he. As to living the semi-hiding, make shift life with Keziah—as he one day politely told her—he would rather hang himself.

"And after the selling-out, the next thing will be to sell myself," continued the Captain, gloomily.

"Sell yourself!"

"To a woman. There will be nothing less left for it, Keziah. I suppose you'd not like to see me with a Mrs. Dawkes; but it will have to come to it."

A keen pain shot through Keziah's heart. How keen, let those tell who have experienced the same.

"She will have eight or nine hundred a-year when the old mother drops off, which I think won't be long first. That will be better than a prison."

Keziah tried to swallow the piece of cheese she was eating, but her throat seemed to close to it. Instinct more than reason, Barnaby's visits perhaps most of all, guided her to a right guess.

"Are you speaking of Belle Annesley?"

"Right you are."

"She will have but three hundred a-year, Barnaby. Her half-brother out in the torrid zone, Walter Annesley, takes the larger portion of it."

"Right in theory, Keziah, wrong in fact. Walter Annesley is dying, and Belle will take the whole. The last West India mail brought news of some slight accident he had met with; the one in to-day says it has turned out serious, and that there's not a chance of his life. As things have come to the present low ebb with me, it may be worth while to think of her."

"Do you care for her very much?"

"She's a nice little thing."

Another lump to swallow.

"Enough to take her with only the three hundred?"

"Certainly not. I'd see her somewhere first. Unless I had money myself, I'd not wed a girl with only that sum if she were a royal princess."

"Then, Barnaby, wait until Walter Annesley shall really be dead before you commit yourself."

"I never intended to do otherwise. You can't teach me, Keziah. What do you say?—money go to Walter Annesley's children? No; it comes to Belle if he dies in his mother's lifetime. A fellow went in and saw the will for me at Doctors' Commons."

Keziah might be pardoned if a doubt crossed her.

"That would be a rather unusual will, would it not, Barby?"

"Perhaps," indifferently answered Barby. "Curious to say, there's no provision made for the fellow's marrying; contingency doesn't seem to have occurred to the old father. If Walter survives his stepmother, the share goes to him; if he dies in his mother's lifetime, all goes to Belle. Shall wait and see how things turn. If certificate of funeral comes over, may go in for her then; don't know yet."

In Keziah Dawkes's heart of hearts she thought her brother would, from his two special propensities, love of roving and love of spending, be an unfit man to marry, unless the acquired fortune were commensurate with the sacrifice.

"Eight hundred a-year for you would be nothing, Barnaby. It might about keep you in gloves and cigars."

"Seems to be standing just now between me and that delectable place the workhouse," responded the Captain. "Shall make up my mind, one way or the other, when next West-India mail comes in."

"And that may bring different news," said Keziah dreamily. "And the girl might not have you, after all."

"Can make tolerably sure of *that* beforehand," returned the gallant Captain, a complacent smile on his satisfied face. "I wish old mother Garston was dead and buried, and I had got her money."

"She says she has made her will, and left all away from you, Barby."

"Don't believe her, though."

"Oh, Barby! She says awfully hard things, but they are nearly always true. At the best, things in regard to her are at an uncertainty."

"Yes; the uncertainty is the devil of it," retorted Captain Dawkes.

Keziah rang for the tray to be taken away. While this was being done, he went to the window and looked out. The heavy rain had been but a storm; the streets were drying again. Captain Dawkes called for his coat and the wet umbrella, and went out.

Keziah sat on alone. Books and a newspaper lay on the table, but she took up neither. The world that night seemed to be steeped in a vista of gloom, the future to have an ominous, undefined shadow spread before it. In former days she had been blindly tolerant to her brother's faults; but his exceeding recklessness in getting into debt, his utter improvidence, were very plain to her now. She took his part against Mrs. Garston and all else, but she could not help seeing that the stern old lady had good reason for her sternness. "If I set him free, he will begin at once and run up a fresh ladder of debts, and where is it to end?" Mrs. Garston had impressively asked. The very words came into Keziah's mind now as she sat; and all the answer she could give was, "I don't know where."

No, Keziah did not. And she might thank heaven that the fore-knowledge was spared her.

The returning of the umbrella and getting his own, afforded an excuse for paying a night-visit at Mrs. Annesley's. Belle happened to be alone in the drawing-room when he entered. She was seated on a footstool at a corner of the hearth, a book lying listless on her lap, and her favorite blue ribbons falling from her golden hair. Up she started, her whole frame in a joyous tremor, her cheeks damask, her heart wild. But in manner she stood quiet as a lamb. Nevertheless the experienced Captain saw the signs; his great dark eyes bent on her their most fascinating light.

"Alone!" he whispered, making a prisoner of her hands.

She hardly knew what she answered him. In the tumult that his presence induced, words fell from her mechanically. Mamma had stayed in the dining-room, finishing a letter to Walter; Sarah had stepped in to see Mrs. Lowther.

"My pretty one!" exclaimed the Captain, who was an adept in charming phrases.

"I—we—did not expect to see you again this evening," said poor, fluttering, confused Belle.

"I would never be away from you if I could help it," said the great story-teller. And the words were sweeter to her ear than the sweetest honey.

"But I fancy sometimes your mother does not care to see me here too often," he added, never having released the hands. "I have an excuse for her to-night. What will you do without me, Belle, when I go back to Ireland?"

A pang shot through her heart. When *that* should happen, all the sunshine would go out of her young life. Her cheek paled a little; the blue eyes, lifted momentarily to his, had wet eyelashes. Captain Dawkes suddenly clasped her to him, and kissed her face with what seemed to Belle heaven's own kisses.

"My darling!"

But the approaching step of Mrs. Annesley was heard. The Captain took his seat decorously on a remote chair; and Belle hid her eyes and her blushing face, feeling as if she were in a dream of some sweet enchantment. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Disappearance of John Ackland.

A TRUE STORY.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

FROM THE LONDON "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Cartwright had not forgotten, before returning to Glenoak, to write to Mr. Ackland's cousin at Boston, as he had promised Judge Griffin. That letter informed Tom Ackland of his cousin's sudden impatience to leave Glenoak, in consequence of an unfortunate incident having reference to the name of a lady at Boston, with whom the writer believed that Mr. John Ackland had been acquainted previous to her marriage. It narrated the circumstances already known to the reader, of the departure from Glenoak, the mysterious return of the horse, and the failure of Mr. Cartwright assisted by his friend, Judge Griffin and by the Richmond police, to discover any tidings of his late guest.

On the evening of his return to Glenoak, Mr. Cartwright was in excellent spirits. He kissed his little daughter with more than usual paternal unction, when she bade him good-night that evening.

He was pleasantly awakened next morning, by a despatch from the inn at the coach's halting town, informing him that Mr. Ackland had just sent to fetch away his luggage, which had been lying there, in charge of the landlord ever since the day on which John Ackland left Glenoak. The landlord had delivered the luggage to Mr. Ackland's messenger, on receipt of an order from Mr. Ackland which the messenger had produced authorizing him to receive it on Mr. Ackland's behalf. This order the landlord now forwarded to Mr. Cartwright, in consequence of the inquiries which that gentleman had been making with reference to Mr. Ackland. The messenger who called for the luggage had informed the landlord that he had come from Petersburg, where Mr. Ackland had been laid up by the effects of a bad accident; from which, however, he was now so far recovered that he intended to leave Petersburg early next morning, accompanied by a gentleman with whom he had been staying there, and by whom, at Mr. Ackland's request, this messenger had been sent for the luggage.

Mr. Cartwright lost no time in communicating this good news, both to his friends at Richmond, and to Mr. Ackland's cousin at Boston. In doing so, he observed that he feared Mr. Ackland could not have completely recovered from the effects of his accident—whatever it was—when he signed the order forwarded to Glenoak; for he had noticed that in the signature to this order, the usually bold and firm character of John Ackland's handwriting had become shaky and sprawling, as though he had written from a sick-bed.

Now Tom Ackland was rendered so anxious, that he resolved to leave Boston in search of his cousin; and he certainly would have done so, if he had not received, on the following day, this letter, written in a strange hand, and dated from Petersburg:—

"MY DEAR TOM—You will be surprised to receive from me, so soon after my last, a letter in a strange hand. And, indeed, I have a long story to tell you in explanation of this fact; but for the sake of my kind amanuensis, as well as for my own sake, (for I am still too weak to dictate a long letter,) the story must be told briefly."

The letter then went on to mention that Mr. John Ackland had left Glenoak sooner than he had intended at the date of his last letter to his cousin, availing himself of Mr. Cartwright's loan of a horse to catch the Charleston coach. How Cartwright had accompanied him through the plantation, and had insisted on taking a couple of guns with them, "though I assured him that I am no sportsman, my dear Tom;" how, in consequence of a shot fired suddenly by Cartwright, from his saddle, at a hare, which he missed, the mare on which John Ackland was riding, had become rather restive, "making me feel very uncomfortable, my dear Tom;" how, after parting with Cartwright and probably a little more than halfway to his destination, at a place where there were cross-roads, Mr. Ackland had encountered a buggy with two persons in it (an English gentleman and his servant, as it afterwards turned out,) and how this buggy, crossing the road at full speed close in front of his horse, had caused the horse to rear and throw him. He had immediately lost consciousness. Fortunately, the persons in the buggy saw the accident, and hastened to his assistance; the mare in the meanwhile, having taken to her heels. Finding him insensible and severely injured, they had conveyed him with great care to Petersburg, whither they were going when he met them. There they obtained for him medical assistance. He believed he had been delirious for many days. He could not yet use his right arm, and he still felt a great deal of pain about the head. He was, however, sufficiently recovered to feel able to leave Petersburg, travelling easily and by slow stages. His kind friend, Mr. Forbes, the English gentleman who had taken such care of him, was going to meet his yacht at Cape Hatteras, intending to sail to the Havannah, and had kindly offered to take him in the yacht as far as Charleston. John Ackland hoped the sea voyage would do him good. They intended to start immediately—that evening or early next morning. Tom had better address all letters for the present to the post-office, Charleston.

A few lines were added by Mr. Forbes, to whom this letter had been dictated. They described Mr. Ackland's injuries as serious, but not at all dangerous. A bad compound fracture of the right arm, broken in two places. The surgeon had at first feared that amputation might be necessary; but Mr. Forbes was happy to say that the arm had been set, and he trusted Mr. Ackland would eventually recover the use of it. There had been a severe concussion of the brain, but fortunately no fracture of the skull. Mr. Ackland had made good progress during the last week. Mr. Forbes was of opinion that Mr. Ackland was suffering in general health and spirits from the shock of the fall he had had, rather than from any organic injury.

On receipt of this letter, Tom Ackland wrote to his cousin, addressing his letter to the post-office at Charleston, and enclosing a line expressive of his thanks, &c., for Mr. Forbes, to whom he hoped John Ackland would be able to forward it. He also wrote to Mr. Cartwright, thanking that gentleman for his kind interest and exertions, and communicating to him what he had heard of his cousin from Mr. Forbes. When Cartwright mentioned the contents of this letter to Judge Griffin, "I always thought," said the Judge, "that the man would turn up somehow or other. We need not have taken such a deal of trouble about him." All further proceedings with a view to obtaining information about John Ackland were immediately stayed; and Mr. Cartwright made a handsome present to the police of Richmond, for their "valuable assistance."

CHAPTER VI.

It was sometime before Tom Ackland heard again from his cousin. When he did hear, John Ackland's letter was written by himself, but was almost illegible. He apologised for this, dwelling on the pain and difficulty with which he wrote at all, even with his left hand. He thought his broken arm must have been very ill set. As for business, he had not yet been able to attend to any. He would send Tom's letter to Mr. Forbes. But he really didn't know whether it would ever find him. He believed that gentleman must have left the Havannah. As for himself, he had found the journey by sea to Charleston very fatiguing, and it had done him no good. The whole letter breathed a spirit of profound dejection. It complained much of frequent pain and constant oppression in the head. Life had become an intolerable burden. He, John Ackland, had never wished for a long life, and now desired it less than ever. He was so constantly changing his quarters (not having yet found any situation which did not horribly disagree with him,) that Tom had better continue to direct his letters to the post-office.

Some expressions in the letter made Tom Ackland almost fear that John's mind had become affected. He wrote at once imploring his cousin to return to Boston if well enough to travel, and offering, if he were not, to start for Charleston at once, in order to be with him.

John Ackland, in his reply, assured his cousin that he felt quite unable to undertake the fatigue of even a much shorter journey than the journey from Charleston to Boston. He begged that Tom would not think of joining him at Charleston. He could not at present bear to see any one. Even half an hour's conversation, especially with any one he knew, excited him almost beyond endurance. He avoided the sight of human faces as much as he could. His only safety was in complete seclusion. Every one was in a conspiracy to distress and injure him. He might tell Tom, in strict confidence, that all the people in Charleston were so afraid of his setting up business in that town, that they were determined to ruin, and even to murder him if they could. There were persons (he had seen them) who followed him about wherever he went, in order to poison the air when he was asleep; but he had been too sharp for them. The letter concluded with some quotations from Rousseau on the subject of suicide. It bore such evident traces of mental derangement that Tom Ackland resolved to lose no time in going to Charleston. A statement which attracted his attention in the next morning's newspapers, confirmed his worse fears, and greatly increased his anxiety to arrive there.

CHAPTER VII.

At this time, some political friends of Mr. Dobbins, whose opinions had been advocated with great ability in the Richmond Courier on a subject of a question so hotly debated between North and South that it had threatened to break up the Union, invited that gentleman to a public banquet at one of the principal hotels in Richmond. Mr. Cartwright was present at this dinner; so was Judge Griffin; so was Dr. Simpson, the brother of the magnetic young lady; so were others of John Ackland's fellow-guests at Glenoak.

The dinner was a Union dinner, the speeches were Union speeches, the event celebrated was the triumph of Union sentiment in harmony with Southern supremacy. After the great political guns had fired themselves off, the ladies were "admitted from behind the screen," toasts of gallantry and personal compliment were proposed, and the minor orators obtained a hearing. None of these was more voluble than Mr. Cartwright. He rose to propose a toast. The toast was a Union toast, for it united the absent with the present. He would invite the company to drink to the health of "Our absent friends."

At this moment Mr. Cartwright was disagreeably interrupted by a bustle and buzz of voices among the sable attendants at the door.

"Order! order!" cried Judge Griffin, indignantly looking round.

"Please, Massa Judge," cried one burly nigger, bolder than his fellows, "Massa Ackland he be in de next room, and want to speak bery 'tic'lar with Massa Cartwright."

"By Jove, Cartwright! do you hear that?" exclaimed the Judge. "What, Ackland? John Ackland?"

"Yessir. Massa John Ackland he be in a hustin' big hurry, and waitin' to see Massa Cartwright bery 'tic'lar."

"Why not call him in?" suggested the Judge. "Every one will be happy to see him, after all the trouble he has cost some of us."

"No, no," cried Cartwright, much overcome by the surprise. "Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer. To our absent friends! And now," he added, emptying his bumper with an unsteady hand, "I am sure you will all excuse me, since it seems that one of *my* absent friends is waiting to see me."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Cartwright hurried to the door, and next moment found himself face to face—not with Mr. John, but with Mr. John's cousin Tom Ackland.

Mr. Tom Ackland introduced himself:—"My excuse," said he, "is, that I am only at Richmond for a few hours, on my way to Charleston, and that, accidentally hearing from one of the helps here that you happened to be in the hotel, I was anxious to ask you whether you had lately heard from my cousin, or received any news of him from Charleston?"

"None," said Cartwright. "I trust there is nothing the matter?"

"You have not even seen his name mentioned in the newspapers?"

"No."

"Yet I presume a paragraph I have here from a Boston paper, must also have appeared in the Richmond journals. Pray be so good as to look at it."

The paragraph ran thus:—

"The following has appeared in the Charleston Messenger of October 18th. On the 16th instant, about two hours after sundown, a Spanish gentleman, who happened to be walking towards Charleston along the right bank of Cooper River, was startled by what he believed to be the sound of a human voice speaking in loud tones. The voice apparently proceeded from the same side of the river as that along which he was walking, and not many yards in advance of him. As the night was already dark, he was unable to distinguish any object not immediately before him, and, as he was but imperfectly acquainted with the English tongue, he was also unable to understand what the voice was saying. He was, however, so strongly under the impression that the voice was that of a person addressing a large audience in animated tones, that he fully believed himself to be in the immediate vicinity of a camp-meeting, or other similar assemblage, and was somewhat surprised to perceive no lights along that part of the bank from which the voice apparently proceeded. Whilst he was yet listening to it, the voice suddenly ceased, and was succeeded by the sound of a loud splash, as of some heavy body falling into the water. On hastening to the spot from which he supposed these sounds to have arisen, he was still more surprised to find it deserted. On examining the ground, however, as well as he could by the light of a few matches which he happened to have with him, he discovered two pieces of property, a hat and a book, but nothing which indicated the owner of them, and no trace of any struggle which could lead him to suppose that their unknown owner had been deprived of them by violence. After shouting in every direction, without obtaining any answer, this gentleman then took possession of the hat and book, and, on returning to Charleston, deposited them, with the foregoing explanation of the manner in which he had discovered them, at the F. Street police-station. From the examination of these objects by the police, it appears that both the book and the hat are inscribed with the name 'John K. Ackland.' The book, as we are informed, is the second volume of a small pocket edition of the Nouvelle Heloise, and the page is turned down and marked at the following passage: 'Chercer son bien, et fuir son mal, en se qui n'offense point autrui, c'est le droit de la nature. Quand note vie est un mal pour nous, et ne'st un bien pour personne, il est donc permis de s'en delivrer. S'il y a dans le monde une maxime évidente et certaine, je pense que c'est celle-là; et si l'on venait à bout de la renverser, il n'y a point d'action humaine dont on ne pût faire un crime.' On the margin opposite this passage something is written, but in characters which are quite illegible. The volume apparently belongs to a Boston edition. Inspector Jonks, of the Fifth Ward Police Division, has lost no time in investigating this mysterious occurrence. We understand that the river has been dragged, but without the discovery of any human body. It is to be observed that if a body, falling into the river at the spot indicated by the gentleman by whom the above-mentioned property was deposited at the F. Street station, had floated within an hour after its immersion, it is quite within possibility that it might have been carried out to sea before the following morning, that is to say, supposing it to have fallen into the river at that point, where the current is extremely strong, not later than 10.30 P. M. It is, however, extremely improbable that a human body could have floated out to sea in this manner without being observed. It is equally improbable that any person could have perished within the neighborhood of Charleston, whether by accident or violence, on the night of the 16th without the disappearance of that person having excited attention in some quarter up to the present moment. Our own impression is that the whole affair has been an ingenious hoax. This impression is, at least, borne out by the fact that the name of Ackland (which certainly is not a Charleston name) is not known at, and does not appear on the books of, any hotel in this city; that the advertisements of the police have, up to the present moment, elicited no claimant for the hat and book now on view in F. Street, and that, from the inquiries hitherto made, it appears that no person in or about Charleston has been missing since the night of the 16th instant. With a view, however, to the possibility of this mysterious Mr. J. K. Ackland ever having existed, except in the imagination of some mischievous wag, Union journals are requested to copy, in order that the friends and relations of the missing gentleman (if there be any) may be made acquainted with the foregoing information."

"Well?" said Tom Ackland, when Cartwright had finished his perusal of this statement.

"Well," answered Cartwright, "I also incline to think it a hoax."

"I wish I could think so too," said Mr. Tom; "but I have many sad reasons to think more seriously of it."

"When do you go on to Charleston?" asked Mr. Cartwright.

"Before daybreak to-morrow."

"Ever been there before?"

"Never."

"Then you must let me come with you. I know something of that city, have friends there, and may be of use."

"Really, my dear sir, I could not possibly think of allowing you to sacrifice—"

"No sacrifice, sir. Nothing I would not do for the sake of your cousin, Mr. Ackland. He was once very useful to me, sir—very useful and very kind. And no man shall say that Phil Cartwright ever forgot a kindness done him. I can pack up in an hour, and the sooner we start the better."

So Mr. Cartwright accompanied Mr. Tom Ackland to Charleston. And Mr. Tom Ackland was inexpressibly touched by that proof of friendship for his cousin.

CHAPTER IX.

On inquiry at the police station in Charleston, S. C., Mr. Tom Ackland, accompanied by Mr. Cartwright, was shown the hat and book mentioned by the Charleston Messenger. Mr. Tom Ackland rather thought that he had once seen the book in the possession of his Cousin John. But of this he could not feel sure. The name, both in the book and in the hat, was printed. The handwriting on the margin of the page opposite the marked passage in the book proved to be quite illegible, but bore a strong resemblance to the sprawling and unsteady characters of the last two letters received by Mr. Tom Ackland from his cousin. Inside the hat they found the mark of a Georgetown maker, partly effaced. The police, after their first inquiries in Charleston, having jumped to the conclusion that they were being hoaxed, had treated the whole affair so carelessly that they had not even attempted to follow up this indication. Cartwright was the first to point it out. In consequence of this discovery, Mr. Tom Ackland immediately proceeded to Georgetown, and had no difficulty in finding there the hatter whose name and address Cartwright had detected inside the hat. On examining the hat, and referring to his books, the hatter identified it as having been sold on the 29th of last September. To whom? He could not say. So many different hats were sold in the course of a day to so many different people. He would ask his young men. One of his young men thought he had sold a hat of that description some time ago, but could not positively say it was on the 29th of September, to a gentleman who had one arm in a sling. Right arm? Could not remember, but thought it was the right arm. Hat was paid for in ready money. Was the gentleman on foot, or in a carriage? Thought he was on foot, but could not remember distinctly.

This was all the information Tom Ackland could obtain at Georgetown. He inquired at all the hotels there, but could not find the name of Ackland inscribed in any of their books. On his return to Charleston, Cartwright told him that his own inquiries at the hotels and boarding-houses in that city had been equally infructuous.

On inquiring at the post-office, they were informed that letters had certainly been received there for John K. Ackland, Esq., and regularly delivered to a gentleman so calling himself, who applied for them daily. What sort of a looking gentleman? Very invalid-looking gentleman, always muffled up to the chin in a long cloak, and seemed to suffer from cold even when the weather was oppressively hot.

"Was he at all like this gentleman?" asked Cartwright, pointing to Tom Ackland.

Really couldn't recall any resemblance.

Noticed anything else particular about him?

Yes. He carried one arm in a sling and limped slightly.

Anything else?

Yes. Spoke with rather an odd accent.

Yankee accent?

Well, hardly. Couldn't well say what it was like. But the gentleman rarely spoke at all, and seemed rather deaf.

Had been for his letters lately?

Not since the 15th of October. There was one letter still lying there to his address. Explanations having been given by the two gentlemen, this letter was eventually, with the sanction of the police officer who accompanied them, handed over to Mr. Tom Ackland, that gentleman having claimed it on behalf of his cousin. It proved to be his own reply to John Ackland's last letter to himself.

Had the gentleman never communicated to the post-office his address in Charleston?

Never.

Tom groaned in the spirit. He could no longer entertain the least doubt that his worst fears had been but too well founded. The absolute and universal ignorance which appeared to prevail at Charleston of the existence of any such person as John Ackland would have been altogether inexplicable if John Ackland's own letters to Tom, alluding to the profound seclusion in which he had been living ever since his arrival in that city, did not partly explain it. No such person having ever been seen or heard of on 'Change, or at any of the banks in Charleston, how had John Ackland been living?

Carteright suggested that it was possible that he might have been living all this while on the money which he himself had paid over to him in notes at Glenoak.

"That is true," thought Tom Ackland; for he remembered that his cousin in his last letter from Glenoak, had stated that the notes were still in his possession. But nothing short of insanity could account for his not having deposited them, since then, at any bank. Unhappily such an hypothesis was by no means improbable. Who was that Spanish gentleman who professed to have discovered the hat and book of John Ackland's on the bank of the river? Could he have been John Ackland's assassin? But if so, why should he have spontaneously attracted attention to the disappearance of his victim, and promoted investigation into the circumstances of it? His story, as reported by the Charleston Messenger, was indeed so extravagant as to justify the opinion expressed by that journal. But Tom Ackland had in his possession letters from his cousin which made the story appear far less improbable to him than it might reasonably appear to any one not acquainted with the state of John Ackland's mind during the last month. It was very unlucky that there was now no possibility of seeing and speaking with that Spanish gentleman. For the gentleman in question, after having postponed his departure in order to aid the inquiries of the police, had left Charleston about two days before Tom Ackland's arrival there, on being assured by the authorities that his presence was not required. And he had left behind him no indication of his present whereabouts.

This was the position of affairs with Mr. Tom Ackland, and his inquiries appeared to have come to a hopeless dead lock, when, late one night, Mr. Cartwright (who had been absent during the whole of the day) burst into his room with the announcement that he had obtained important information about John Ackland.

It had occurred to him, he said, that John Ackland must, from all accounts, have been a confirmed invalid for the last few months. If so, he would probably have sought some country lodging in the neighborhood of Charleston, where the situation was healthiest, without being inconveniently far from town, in case he should require medical assistance. Acting at once on this supposition (which, in order not to excite false hopes, in case it should lead to nothing, he had refrained from communicating to Tom), he had determined to visit all the environs of Charleston. He had that morning selected for his first voyage of discovery a locality only a few miles distant from Charleston, which he knew to be a particularly healthy situation. His inquiries there were not successful, and he was on the point of returning to Charleston, when he fortunately recollected that he had not yet visited a little lodging-house where he remembered having once taken rooms himself, many years ago, when he was at Charleston with his poor wife, then in very weak health. He was not aware whether that house still existed, but he thought he would try; and he had been rewarded for his pains by learning from its landlady that some time ago a gentleman, who said his name was Ackland, called there, saw the house, and took it for six months. He paid the rent in advance, and had placed his effects in the house. But, to the best of the landlady's belief, he had not once slept at home since he became her tenant. He frequently came there, indeed, during the day, and had sometimes taken his meals there. But on all such occasions it was his habit to lock the door of his room as long as he was in it. Nothing would induce him to touch food in the presence of any one. She had served him his dinner often, but had never seen him eat it. Sometimes he carried part of it away with him; and once he told her that he did this in order to have the food analyzed. He appeared to be under a constant impression that his food was poisoned; and the landlady was of opinion that her lodger was a decided monomaniac, but that he was perfectly harmless. She said he was a very eccentric gentleman, but an excellent tenant. He had been at the house on the morning of the 16th (she remembered the date because of a washing bill which he told her to pay for him on that day, and for which she has not yet been reimbursed). He remained at home during the whole of the day, but locked up his room as usual. About six o'clock in the evening he went out, locking the doors of all the sitting-rooms and bedrooms and taking the key with him. Before leaving the house, he told her that he was likely to be absent for some time, as he was pursued by enemies, and that there would probably be inquiries about him, but she was not to notice them, and on no account to mention his name to any one. "She has never seen him since. But her description of him precisely tallies with that which was given us at the post-office. She is a very old woman, rather blind, rather deaf, and very stupid. I don't think she can either read or write. Most of this information I obtained from the nigger gal who does all the work of the house. She eventually promised to have the locks opened in our presence to-morrow; and I have settled that, if agreeable to you, we will drive over there after breakfast." Thus Cartwright to Tom Ackland.

Poor Tom Ackland was profoundly affected by this fresh evidence of zeal and sympathy on the part of Mr. Cartwright. But Cartwright himself made light of his own efforts. "Pooh, pooh, my dear, sir!" he said, in reply to Tom's repeated expressions of gratitude; "if he was your cousin, was he not also my friend?"

When Tom Ackland entered the first room, from which the lock was removed, in the house to which Cartwright conducted him on the following day, one glance round it told him all, and, with a low moan of pain, he fell upon the bed and sobbed. There, on that bed, was the dressing-gown which poor John Ackland had worn the last evening on which he and Tom had sat together discussing John's plans for the future. There, in the wardrobe, were John Ackland's clothes; there, on the shelf, were John Ackland's books; there, on the table, were John Ackland's papers. And among those papers Tom afterwards found an unfinished letter addressed to himself. It was written in those sprawling, shaky characters which Tom had lately been learning, sadly, to decipher, and which were so all unlike the once firm and well-formed handwriting of his cousin. "God bless you, dear Tom!" (the letter said.) "My last thought is of you. I have borne it long. I cannot bear it longer. Nobody will miss me but you. And you, if you could see me as I am now, if you could know all that I have been suffering, even you, would surely wish for me that relief from misery which only death can give. They are after me day and night, Tom. They have left me no peace. Mary Mordent is at the bottom of it all. She hides herself. But I know it. I have no heart to post this letter, Tom. I have no strength to finish it. Good by, Tom. Don't fret. Dear, dear Tom, good by."

Tom Ackland returned to Boston with two convictions, one, that his unfortunate cousin had perished by suicide on the night of the 16th of October; the other, that Philip Cartwright was a most unselfish, warm-hearted fellow. The whole story of John Ackland's mysterious disappearance and lamentable death had excited too much curiosity, and been too hotly discussed, both at Richmond and Boston, to be soon forgotten in either of those localities. But time went on, and, as time went on, the story became an old story which no one cared to refer to, for fear of being voted a bore. There were not wanting at Richmond, however, some few persons by whose suspicious fancies Philip Cartwright, against all evidence to the contrary, remained uncharitably connected with the mysterious disappearance and subsequent suicide of the Boston merchant, in a manner much less flattering to that gentleman's character than Mr. Tom Ackland's grateful recollection of his friendly exertion at Charleston.

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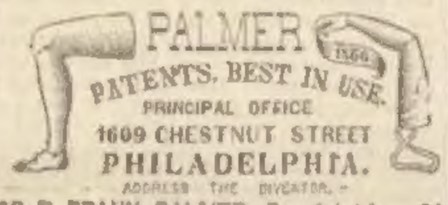

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Balakireff and the Czar.

Balakireff was the favorite jester of Peter the Great, of Russia, and many instances are related of his clever wit. It happened once that a cousin of the jester fell under the displeasure of the Emperor, who delivered him to the authorities for trial, and was just about to ratify their sentence, when Balakireff, hearing of it, made his appearance with a very doleful face, and approached his master as if about to speak. Peter, guessing his errand, turned to the officers who were standing around him, and said, in a loud voice:—"I know what petition this fellow is bringing me; but I give you my word of honor, gentlemen, that I will not grant it." The jester, hearing this, instantly threw himself at the feet of the Czar, and said, with the utmost apparent earnestness:—"I beseech you, Peter Alexeevitch, do *not* pardon that rascal of a cousin of mine!" "Ah, you rogue!" cried Peter, "you're too sharp for me yet, I see!" and the next day the culprit received his pardon.

At another time, Balakireff took a sudden fancy to stand sentinel at the gate of the palace, and entreated the permission of his master, who, at first, only laughed at him, but eventually consented, on condition that the new sentinel should never be found on duty without his sword, which contingency should be held to nullify the agreement. Unfortunately for the credit of our hero, on the very first evening of his new dignity he allowed himself to be overcome with liquor, and was robbed of his treasured weapon by a passing grenadier, who carried it to the Emperor. The latter, feeling confident that he had trapped his wily associate at last turned out the guard the first thing next morning; when Balakireff, who had, meanwhile, replaced his lost weapon by a sword of painted wood, put a bold face on the matter, and appeared along with the rest. Thereupon the Czar, pretending to detect some inaccuracy in the equipment of one of the men, began to abuse him violently, and, turning to Balakireff, cried out: "Draw your sword, my friend, and cut that rascal down!" The soldiers, knowing how matters stood, were in ecstacies; but the jester was equal to the occasion; he uplifted his hands toward the sky, and exclaimed, with the utmost solemnity; "Merciful Lord! I pray Thee, turn my sword into a lath!" and at the same moment drawing his sword, a lath it actually proved to be. The guardsmen, notwithstanding the Emperor's presence, could not restrain their laughter; and Peter, delighted with the acuteness of his favorite, gave him a handsome reward.

On another occasion, Balakireff happened to give serious offence to the Emperor, who, giving way to his rage, angrily ordered him to quit his presence, and never dare to appear on Russian soil again. The culprit, with an appearance of great humility, replied that his Majesty should be obeyed, and left the palace forthwith. A few days later, however, the Czar, while sitting at one of the front windows of the palace, was astonished by the sight of his exiled jester seated in a cart, and going quietly past under his very eyes, with an air of the most perfect unconcern. Furious at this barefaced transgression of his commands, Peter rushed out into the street, and, approaching the culprit with a menacing air, asked:—"How he dared show himself there, after being forbidden ever to come upon Russian soil again?" "Gently, gently, Czar of Russia!" answed Balakireff, with an impish chuckle; "this cart-load of earth, on which I'm sitting, is none of yours; it's all Swedish, every bit of it!" (It must be remembered that this took place at a period when Finland was still a dependency of the Swedish crown.) So saying, the wag coolly pursued his journey; but Peter, who had doubtless had leisure, by this time, to regret the absence of so diverting a companion, laughed loudly at the evasion, and instantly despatched an officer after him, with the promise of a full pardon for all his past offences.

A Close Application.

When the scientific Robert Robinson first occupied the pulpit of the Baptist meeting at Cambridge, he was exposed to annoyances from the younger gownsmen. One of them wagered that he would take his station on the steps of the pulpit with a large car-trumpet in his hand, and remain there until the close of the service. Accordingly he mounted the steps of the pulpit, put the trumpet to his ear, and played the part of a deaf man with all possible gravity. His friends were in the aisle below, tittering at the hoax; the congregation were scandalized; but the preacher alone seemed insensible to what was going on. The sermon was on "God's Mercy!" The preacher proceeded thus: "Not only, my Christian friends, does the mercy of God extend to the most enormous of criminals, so that none, however guilty, may not, if duly penitent, be partakers of the divine grace; but also there are none so low, so mean, so worthless as not to be objects of God's fatherly solicitude and care. Indeed, I do hope that it may one day be extended to"—and then leaning over the pulpit, he stretched out his arm to its utmost length, and placing it on the head of the gownsman, finished his sentence—"to this silly boy!" The wager was lost, for the trumpet fell, and the discomfited stripling bolted.

Quaker Shrewdness.

John Morton, a respectable Philadelphia Quaker, would have nothing to do with the Continental money, because it was issued for war purposes. It was, however, made a legal tender, and a certain slippery debtor, who owed him some ten thousand dollars, when Continental money was worth about one-half of its face, borrowed that sum from a friend, on a promise of returning it in two or three hours. Taking with him a witness he called and laid the amount on the table of his Quaker creditor. Looking up from his writing, Morton quietly opened a large drawer, and, to the consternation of the debtor, sweeping the money into it, he shut and locked the drawer, saying, "Anything from thee, Daniel—anything from thee!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Satisfactory Answer.—A student was under examination once, at the College of Surgeons, when a hypothetical case was submitted, its various stages described, and the mode of treatment required. At last came the crisis: "Now, sir," said Sir A. C., "what would you do?" "Sir," replied the pupil of Esculapius, "I would send for *you*." We need not add that the answer was satisfactory.

UNINTENTIONAL SATIRE.

Boy, Who Has Donkeys to Hire (innocently, pointing out a couple of his animals).—"'Eco you are, sir! 'Ere you are, miss!"

An Incident in the Early History of Greenbacks.

Texts of Scripture have often been inscribed upon coins. One of the most remarkable is on a copper coin issued by the Papal Government, on which are the words *Va sobis divitibus*—"Woe to you who are rich!" When the greenbacks were first issued by the United States, Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, consulted, among others, the President of one of the Philadelphia banks in regard to placing some motto upon them—such—for example, as has since been impressed upon the five-cent pieces—"In God we trust." After mentioning several Scriptural texts that had occurred to him, the Secretary asked our banker's opinion. "Perhaps," was the reply, "the most appropriate would be—'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee!'" The project was abandoned.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Repartee of Leigh Hunt.—Leigh Hunt had an uncle who was very wealthy and meddlesome. Every one knows what an idler poor Leigh was in his youth, and how very improvident in money matters. His old uncle came to see him one day and said: "Ah, Leigh! How do you do, Leigh? What are you doing now, Leigh?" "I am not doing anything," answered Hunt. "What!" exclaimed the other, "haven't you got anything to do yet?" "No; but as you don't seem to mind your own business, you ought to employ me to do it for you. That would keep me pretty well engaged, I fancy."

Mrs. Shoddy on Christian Education.—A lady in New York, who may, for the present, be styled Mrs. Shoddy, sent one of her daughters to Mrs. ——'s young ladies' seminary. Shortly afterward Mrs. —— received a visit from her. "Mrs. ——," said Mrs. Shoddy, "I thought that you were a Christian." "I hope I am," replied Mrs. ——. "I try to behave like one." "I am afraid that you are not," rejoined Mrs. Shoddy: "yesterday my daughter brought home a book that you had given her to read. It was *a heathen mythology!*"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Charlotte Temple.

Among the countless throngs who daily pass and repass Trinity Church, how many know that within a few feet of the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway is a grave which covers all that remains of a once beautiful and fascinating woman, the record of whose sorrows has dimmed the eyes of thousands? No date of birth, no indication of family, and no date of death, appear on the stone that covers the grave of Charlotte Temple, whose tragic story, once the theme of every circle, is probably unknown to the greater number of young readers. The most beautiful girl in New York—so it is claimed—she attracted the attention of a young officer, a member of one of England's oldest and proudest families, who with his regiment entered the city when the British occupied New York, after the battle of Long Island. Charlotte, then only seventeen, was wooed and won by the dashing young officer. He deserted her, and then—the old story—she soon after died of a broken heart. A little daughter which she left was tenderly cared for; at a proper age was taken to England, and a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars settled upon her by the head of her father's family, the late Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Lord Stanley. She, like a true daughter and a true woman, returned to New York, and erected the monument that now marks the mother's grave. The inscription upon it was engraved on a solid tablet of brass, an inch in thickness, heavily plated with silver, and thus it read: "Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Stanley, aged nineteen years." This filial duty performed, she returned to England, and lived a life of unobtrusive piety and usefulness. The plate placed upon the stone that marks the grave was supposed to be of solid silver, and tempted the cupidity of certain vandals, who, with hammer and chisels, succeeded in prying it from the slab. They were never detected. Many years afterward, some good Samaritan caused the simple name of Charlotte Temple to be cut underneath the excavation. There it may be seen, within a few feet of Broadway, by any one who who will take the trouble to look through the iron-railing. The last time we glanced at the slab, now almost imbedded in the ground, we saw several sparrows taking a bath in the water which had collected in the excavation from which the villains removed the plate; and other little feathered songsters were singing a requiem over her grave—near which we were gratified to observe a forget-me-not, doubtless planted there by some kind heart who, in childhood, had wept over the sad and romantic story of the blue-eyed girl.—*Appleton's Journal.*

MY NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER.

My good old neighbor hath a little daughter,
Fair as the lily-bud, sweet as the rose;
Sunny is her hair as the golden summer,
White is her brow as the winter snows.
Gaily she smiles as she passes by me,
Never a grief or a care she knows.

Pleasant is the voice of my neighbor's daughter,
Soft as the woodquet's, sighing as the breeze,
Ringing like plash of far-off silver water,
Rippling like rustle of wind-stirred trees;
Men idly listening, with senses half dreaming,
Wake into lovers at sounds like these.

Down to the river steals my neighbor's daughter,
Where droops the willow, its boughs in the tide.
Where the lithe water-flags, their gay heads up-raising,
Mark out the creek where a boat may glide,
Not all alone is my neighbor's daughter,
Some one by the river lingers at her side.

Through summer days, when the scarlet fruit is rip'ning,
Flushes her fair cheeks with deeper hue;
Through summer days, when sapphire skies are smiling,
Laugh the maiden's eyes with a tenderer blue,
Through summer midnights lies she still a-dreaming—
Dreaming bright dreams that at morn prove true.

A tell-tale face hath my neighbor's daughter,
Betraying the secret she fancies to keep.
"Nay, maiden! nay! thorns ever come with roses,
Eyes that shine brightly must sometimes weep.
Where the sun glows with a wonderful splendor,
Sharpest-cut shadows will darkly creep."

Trusting is the heart of my neighbor's daughter,
"Nay, he will never be false to me."
Day after day she awaits his returning
Down by the river that winds to the sea;
Yet sad is the heart of my neighbor's daughter,
White grows her cheeks as the snow on the lea.

Dark grows her life as the cloud skies at even,
Cold grows her heart as the ice-bound lake.
"Nay, he will never be false," still she whispers—
Whispers with heart that is ready to break.
Fain would I comfort my neighbor's little daughter.
"Maiden, in spring-tide dead hopes to life awake."

Through summer woods the summer birds are singing,
Butterflies have plumed their wings and flowers are blooming fair,
Down to the river steals my neighbor's little daughter,
Water-flags wave gaily, a boat waits there.
Glides she so shyly, with the shimmering sunlight
Fresh gold lending to her golden hair.

Through summer woods the summer birds are singing,
To her beating heart what notes of joy they speak!
Hath the summer wind set her sweet face a-glowing?
Hath golden summer brought back roses to her cheek?
Nay, but a voice, than bird or breezes sweeter,
Hath whispered back the roses by the yellow-bannered creek.

☞ A writer in Punch says:—"I asked a fellow tourist his opinion of the Rhine. 'Wal, sir,' he said, 'it's not so grand as our North River. We haint got them old castles, to be sure—but our water's twice as broad, and our rocks air twice as big, and mostly perpendic'lar.' I remarked that the Rhine ruins were extremely picturesque, and certainly enhanced the beauty of the river. 'Wal,' said he, 'I shouldn't wonder if our builders could put us up a few, if we offered them the contract. But our people don't deal much in ruins, that's a fact; and when you come to think of it, you can't say there's much use in 'em.'"

AGRICULTURAL.

The Most Approved Way of Handling Choice Pears.

Pick them as soon as the articulation of the fruit stem with the branch on which it grows is so nearly perfected that on lifting the pear it will part readily from the branch at that point. Pears that are gathered for market should never have their stems broken, as in the markets where choice kinds are sold at great prices, their selling value is thereby greatly diminished.

Lay them in a dry room the door of which has a *key* to the lock, unless all the children and all the servants and all the grown folks keep padlocks on their lips between meals.

Place them on a woollen blanket so that no one will touch another, and spread another blanket over them. The spare bed of the best chamber is a good place for them, or it would be if in fruit time such rooms and beds were not in extra demand. They may be laid in flannel in empty drawers.

Learn to judge of their ripeness without squeezing them. As they ripen from the centre and as there is one particular but brief time when their lusciousness is at its height, examine them often and lay the lips to the pulp just then, and the very height of gustatory pleasure for pear lovers is attained. A very nice way of eating them is to exchange a quarter section of the one you are carving with your neighbors for like sections of theirs, passing them around on the points of fruit knives.

In packing to send away any distance, it is well to pack each specimen separately and smoothly in paper.

We have large promises of enjoyment this year, as the pear trees in our vicinity are loaded down with fruit. F. B. J.

Vinegar—Acetic Acid.

Several letters show us that the composition of vinegar is not understood. One asks: "Does acetic acid assist in making cider vinegar, or is it hurtful?"—Vinegar owes all its value to acetic acid, and is that acid in a diluted state more or less impure. As vinegar is made by the process of fermentation, it comes from the conversion of alcohol into acetic acid. It may be made directly from alcohol, or from solutions containing sugar, which will produce alcohol. Cider and other fruit juices, as well as solutions of molasses and sugar, have the sugar they contain first converted into alcohol, and this, by another fermentation, produces acetic acid. So acetic acid is the very ingredient which makes the liquid vinegar, and in the diluted form in which it there exists is not only not hurtful, but is generally considered a wholesome condiment. Acetic acid may be produced in other ways than by fermentation. That which is used in the arts is largely prepared by the distillation of wood. This is, however, rarely, if ever, used to make table vinegar. The colorless vinegar known as "wine vinegar," so much used by the pickle makers, is prepared from dilute alcohol, usually in the form of whiskey. It is quite as wholesome as any other vinegar, but far less agreeable than that made from cider, as it lacks the pleasant aromatic qualities derived from the fruit.

Mutton vs. Pork.

Physicians recommend mutton as the most wholesome meat, the easiest digested, and best suited to invalids; while pork, as everybody knows, is the most unwholesome flesh eaten. In England, mutton is a favorite dish, and we apprehend it is to this, rather than to roast beef, that the Englishman owes his robust health and rosy complexion. Our people eat too much pork and too little mutton. And yet, as a contemporary well remarks, "mutton can be produced pound for pound at less than half the price of pork; yields more nourishment when eaten; and keeping sheep does not exhaust a farm to the extent feeding hogs does. Sheep can be kept during the winter on hay and turnips, or mangle wurtzel, or sugar beet, while hogs will not do without, at least, some corn."

The Bite of a Horse.—A writer for the Turf, Field and Farm, in suggesting that horses which herd together are oftener injured in their rough sport than in combat, remarks that the bite of a horse, even in play, is no trifle; by some peculiarity in the muscles of the jaws, they do not seem gifted with the faculty to let go, like the dog. The jaws become locked, and the piece must be cut out, or the teeth slip off and crack together before he is again able to control their action.

Fall Bearing Raspberry.—Mr. Israel Lamborn, West Bradford, Pa., found a raspberry wild last fall with fruit on; he transplanted it to his garden and it still retains the characteristics.—*Village Record.*

RECEIPTS.

Sweet Pickled Quinces.—The most common use of quinces is as sweet preserves. They also answer a good purpose when sliced up and mixed in small quantities with apple-sauce, giving the whole a pleasant, aromatic flavor. They make a good pickle, also. Boil in vinegar with sugar, and add cloves, cinnamon, etc., to suit the taste. The best way is to pare and quarter them and cut out the cores. Boil 10 pounds of fruit, adding 5 pounds of sugar, and about 4 pints vinegar, 1 ounce of stick cinnamon, and 1½ ounce of cloves. When well boiled, put in a jar and pour over the syrup.

Green Tomato Pickles.—Into a quart of good sharp vinegar, put one tablespoonful, each, of ground cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and grated nutmeg; one teaspoonful, each, of black and white pepper; one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and one pound of brown sugar. Set this in a porcelain kettle over a moderately quick fire, and when it boils have ready about two quarts of sliced green tomatoes and drop them in. Let them boil until tender, then dip them out into a stone or glass jar and pour the hot vinegar over them. Ripe tomatoes may be done in the same way.—*Allie.*

Pickle Chow-Chow.—Quarter of a peck green tomatoes, quarter of a peck white onions, quarter of a peck pickling beans, one dozen green cucumbers, one dozen green peppers, one large head of cabbage. Season with mustard, celeryseed, salt, to suit the taste. Cover the mixture with the best cider vinegar. Boil two hours slowly, continually stirring, and add two tablespoonsful of sweet oil while hot.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 75 letters.
My 1, 29, 36, 44, 8, 56, is a bird.
My 5, 20, 62, 22, 51, 71, is an animal.
My 12, 14, 23, 40, 64, 34, is an insect.
My 14, 58, 27, 6, 48, 66, is a bird.
My 19, 52, 10, 75, 45, 26, is a plant.
My 25, 11, 40, 34, 53, 4, is a fish.
My 28, 11, 71, 50, 60, 68, is a bird.
My 32, 3, 14, 18, 59, 55, is a tree.
My 35, 10, 14, 48, 72, 63, is a plant.
My 37, 9, 67, 21, 49, 65, is an animal.
My 41, 2, 60, 7, 73, 43, is a vehicle.
My 42, 64, 33, 16, 18, 15, is a tree.
My 47, 38, 33, 24, 9, 65, is a plant.
My 49, 27, 19, 7, 57, 28, is an animal.
My 54, 23, 6, 14, 35, 31, is a bird.
My 61, 30, 74, 45, 62, 39, is a flower.
My 70, 30, 2, 17, 39, 19, is a tree.
My 73, 30, 15, 58, 69, 20, is a bird.
My whole is a proverb. ISOLA.
Sheffield, Pa.

Probability Problem.

The cylinder of a letter-lock contains four rings, each having marked on it the letters of the alphabet. What is the probability that a person ignorant of the key-word will unfasten the lock the first time he tries?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The base A B in a triangle A B D is 40 perches, and a line A C drawn from the angle A, and perpendicular to A B, intersecting B D in C is 9 perches. If a point F be taken in A B, 10 perches from B, and a line drawn from this point through C, and produced, it will cut A D produced in a point E, 5 perches from D. Required—the sides of the triangle. E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.
☞ An answer is requested.

Question on Perpetual Motion.

Suppose the circumference of the earth to be 25,000 miles, and a ball would begin to move on its surface 1,000 miles the first day; but would *decrease* its speed in such a geometrical proportion each successive day from what it had moved the day before, that it would *never* quite accomplish one complete revolution around the earth, although so near the same as can be expressed with any sum of determinate numbers. What distance would it move the second day? and in what ratio would it decrease its movement daily?
DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Which is the most independent tree? Ans.—The sassy-fras.
☞ When is a window like a star? Ans.—When it is a sky-light.
☞ What nation produces most marriages? Why, Fascination.
☞ What fruit do you represent riding to school on a donkey? Ans.—A pear.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. RIDDLE—Those who boast much usually fail much.

To Fatten Fowls or Chickens in Four or Five Days.—Set rice over the fire with skim-milk, only as much as will serve one day. Let it boil till the rice is quite swelled out, and add a teaspoonful or two of sugar, but it will do well without. Feed the fowls three times a day in common pans, giving them only as much as will fill them at once. When you put fresh, let the pans be set in water, that no sourness may be conveyed to the fowls, as that prevents them from fattening. Give them clean water or the milk of the rice to drink, but the less wet the rice is, when perfectly soaked, the better. By this method, the flesh will have a clear whiteness which no other food gives, and when it is to be considered how far a pound of rice will go, and how much time is saved by this mode, it will be found cheaper than barley-meal. The pen should be daily cleansed, and no food given for sixteen hours before the poultry be killed.

Apple Marmalade.—Take any kind of sour apples, pare and core them, cut them in small pieces, and to every pound of apples put three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put them in a preserving pan and boil them over a slow fire until they are reduced to a fine pulp. Then put them in jelly jars and keep them in a cool place.

Rock Cream.—This will be found a very ornamental as well as a delicious dish for a supper-table. Boil a teacupful of the best rice till quite soft in new milk, sweeten it with powdered loaf sugar, and pile it up on a dish. Lay on it in different places square lumps of either currant jelly or preserved fruit of any kind; beat up the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar, and flavor with either orange-flower water or vanilla. Add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a tablespoonful of rich cream, and drop it over the rice, giving it the form of a rock of snow.

How to Make Vinegar.—Vinegar is made from sweetened water. That tells the secret. The saccharine principle turns to acid, and we have vinegar. Sweet cider needs but to be put in a warm place—in the sun in summer—with a thin cloth over the bung-hole, to make it the best of vinegar. The mother will soon form a scum on the top, which must be left in. Sour cider needs sweetening when set away for fermentation. That starts it on its way. It is difficult to get vinegar from sour cider alone. In the West, where cider is scarce, sweetened water (it matters not how much or how little sweetened) is the thing. The water must be soft. Rain water is used. A barrel half filled will sour quicker than when full, so said: we have never tested it. Take out the bung. Stretch over the bunghole a fine sieve or cloth to keep out the flies. When vinegar is formed, cork it up tight, for exposure to the air hurts it.

☞ Mr. K. had his house remodelled. Dr. E. happened along and said, "Well, neighbor K, I see you have your house all swept and garnished." "Yes, all ready for the evil spirit; walk in, doctor!"

☞ An irritable man having been disappointed in his boots, threatened to chaw up the shoemaker, but compromised by drinking a cobbler.